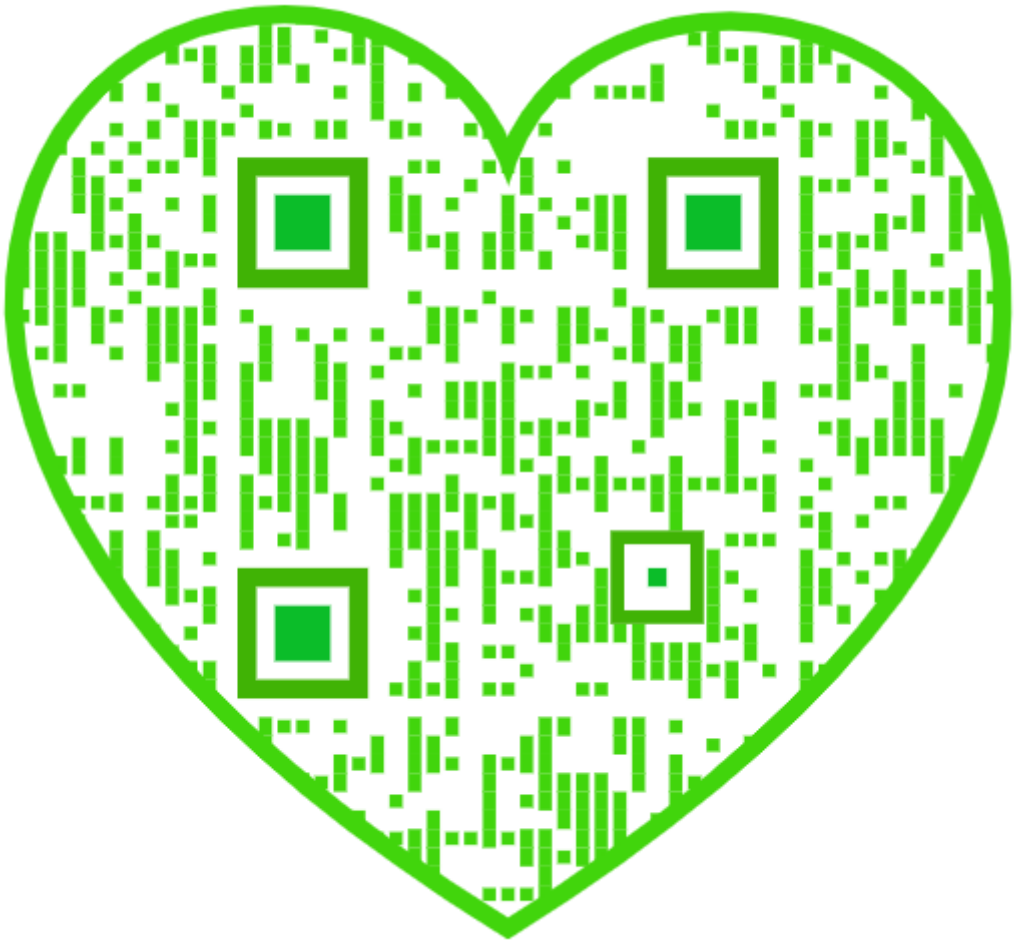

Gift of
George Odell

THE

FOURTH READER,

FOR

THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY

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PRINCIPAL OF THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE words at the beginning of each lesson are an important part of it. They can be used profitably in several ways. Take as an example the word *serene;* the pupils may be drilled on it as follows:

(*a*) Spell the word alphabetically: "s, e, r, e, n, e."
(*b*) Pronounce the syllables separately: "se-rene."
(*c*) Spell it phonetically: "*s, ē, r, ē, n.*"
(*d*) Name the silent letter: "e."
(*e*) Give a sentence containing the word: "There was a serene smile on the old man's face."
(*f*) Give some words formed from it: "serenely, seronity."
(*g*) What is the grammatical difference between these words? "*Serene* is an adjective; *serenely,* an adverb; *serenity,* a noun."
(*h*) Give a sentence containing the word *serenely.*
(*i*) Give a sentence containing the word *serenity.*

If the word were different, as for example, *happiness,* (*f*) would vary thus: From what word is the word *happiness* formed? "From the word happy." Give another word from the same root: "happily."

In the recitation of the reading (as distinguished from the spelling) lesson, the first object of the teacher, if the lesson has been assigned for previous study, should be to ascertain if the pupils have acquired a knowledge of the subject-matter.

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This may be done, sometimes by asking the questions at the end of the lesson; sometimes by inviting volunteers to put the whole lesson into their own words; sometimes by calling on the pupils in succession to give the substance, paragraph by paragraph, in their own words.

The way has now been prepared for the reading of the lesson. Ordinarily, each pupil will read one paragraph; but occasionally a pupil may be required to read several paragraphs, or even the whole lesson. In order to secure the attention of the whole class, it will be necessary to vary the order in which the pupils are called on, so that no one shall certainly know whether his turn is coming next or not. The teacher who cannot command the active attention of the entire class to a reading lesson has failed in an essential point; for the amount of individual reading which can be performed in a large school, during school hours, is too small to produce any satisfactory result.

When a sentence presents some unusual difficulty to a pupil, it is usual to require him to read it again and again, until the error is corrected. But it sometimes happens that, from want of self-control, or from some infirmity of temper, the pupil seems to be unable or unwilling to make the desired correction. Under these circumstances, simultaneous reading may produce a happy effect. The pupil may find himself able to do in concert with others what he was unable, or fancied he was unable, to do by himself.

All reading-drills are best managed by concert recitations; but reading for individual practice should not be supplanted by simultaneous reading. They are intended, indeed, for very different purposes. The object of the one is to teach with the least expenditure of time and labor; the object of the other is to show what has been learned. Concert recitations are no test of what individual pupils have acquired.

Judicious criticism is as valuable in teaching reading as in any other branch of school learning, and is as easily applied. Criticism does not mean fault-finding. It should point out merits as well as defects, and it should be so managed as to avoid giving offence.

The following captions may be kept permanently on the black-board, as a guide to teacher and pupils in making criticisms:

1. Position, (*a*) of the body (firm, graceful, lounging).
   (*b*) of the head (too low, too high, correct).
   (*c*) of the book (too near the eye, too much in front of the face, too low, in the wrong hand, proper).
2. Voice, (*a*) quantity (too loud, not loud enough).
   (*b*) quality (pleasant, unpleasant, nasal, rough, monotonous).
3. Rate, (fast, slow, moderate, measured)
4. Words, (*a*) omitted.
   (*b*) inserted.
   (*c*) miscalled by mistake.
   (*d*) mispronounced.
   (*e*) badly enunciated.
   (*f*) wrongly accented.
5. Pauses, (*a*) omitted.
   (*b*) inserted wrongly.
   (*c*) out of proportion.
6. Emphasis, (*a*) omitted.
   (*b*) misplaced.
7. Inflections, (rising for falling, or falling for rising.)

The teacher may call over the whole list, and obtain the opinion of the class on every point; or may call for a show of hands and require the pupil designated to name the head

under which the criticism comes. It will often be sufficient for the teacher to name the head, and say, for example, "Any remarks on 1, *c?* on 4, *a?* on 6, *b?*" — calling on the pupils separately for answers. By such processes a habit of careful reading may be acquired, and carefulness is the first step to excellence.

In conclusion, the compiler would remind his fellow-teachers who may use this book, that there are two kinds of reading, which may be distinguished as mental and oral; and that while the latter obtains the greater share of attention in school and college, the former is by far the more important acquisition. By making use of the faculty of imitation, which we have in common with the monkey and the mocking-bird, a pupil may be drilled into reciting with accuracy any passage that the teacher may select; but though this may be regarded as a graceful accomplishment, it cannot be compared in usefulness with the ability to get the sense from a chapter of English prose or poetry. There are many who can "declaim," and yet cannot read. It is on this art of *reading*, that is to say, of extracting and assimilating the meaning of the printed page, that the art of elocution should be founded; and any method of teaching reading which does not make sure of this first step sacrifices substance to show.

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FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

mer'ri-ly	bab'bling	clus'tered	howl'ing
com-pelled'	New'found-land	squir'rels	clus'tered
im-ag'ined	ac'ci-dent	or'chard	fret'ful

THE HORNET'S NEST.

MANY a time I have heard poor little pale-faced city boys sigh and wish they lived in the country, where they could breathe the fresh air, and scamper merrily over the green fields, instead of being cooped up between high brick walls, and compelled to play in the hot and dusty streets.

2. And just as often I have heard round-faced little country boys, with cheeks as red and as round as peaches, get fretful and cross just because they could not live in the great city, where they imagined every pleasure clustered and every desire was gratified.

3. I suppose no little boy, and I fear I must include many of the grown folks, was ever quite satisfied with his own lot in life; and as the

feeling is perfectly natural, we will not quarrel about it.

4. City boys would soon get tired of the quiet country and the green fields, and long to get back to their tops and marbles in the dusty streets; and it would not be very long before the rosy cheeks of the country boy would get pale, and he would give anything to get back to the babbling brooks and the green meadows.

5. I know, because I was once a country boy, and after I went to the city to live, many were the nights on which I cried myself to sleep and wanted to go home.

6. I want to tell you about a Lion I had when I lived in the country. He was a great, shaggy beast, with curly black hair, and a long tail that nearly touched the ground, and a pair of eyes terrible to look at when he was angry, but that was not very often.

7. He really was the kindest and most loving Lion you ever saw — not a fierce wild beast from the jungle, but only a splendid Newfoundland dog. No wonder I never was afraid of him, because we were good friends and playmates.

8. Why, I could ride on his back just as though he were a horse, and we would lie down on the grass together when we were tired, and he would put his paws over my neck and hug me,

and kiss me too, sometimes, when I was not watching, as well as any dog could do.

9. I could put my hand in his mouth, and feel his sharp white teeth, and then he would shut his jaws and pretend to bite me, but only in fun; and when I pretended to be afraid and ran away from him, he would scamper after me as nimbly as a squirrel, and throw me down and roll over and over, he barking, and I shouting and laughing, as happy as we could be.

10. Once Lion got into trouble, and met with an accident that was funny enough to me, but poor Lion could not see "where the laugh came in."

11. We were out in the apple-orchard, and busy enough looking for eggs, for our hens were great "gad-abouts," and would run away from the chicken-yard and lay their eggs in all sorts of places, but Lion and I knew pretty well "all their tricks and their manners," and generally found out where Mrs. Cackle and Mrs. Cluck had hidden them.

12. So, while we were keeping a sharp lookout for eggs, I spied up an apple-tree a queer-looking thing that looked like a bunch of old newspapers all matted together. Lion saw it and began to bark, and I got a pole and began to punch at it, when down it came right at Lion's feet.

13. How he did pounce on it! And how quickly he let go again! And the next moment he was making a "bee-line" for the house, running like a race-horse and howling at every jump.

14. I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and wondered what was the matter with the dog; but pretty soon I found out. Something struck me in the mouth, and in just two seconds I was making a bee-line for my mother, crying as loudly as Lion was howling.

15. Do you want to know what was the matter? Well, I had torn down a hornet's nest, that was all, and both Lion and I got pretty well stung for our pains! I soon got over the pain, after I had been pretty well pickled and rubbed down in salt, but Lion rolled over in the grass a thousand times, and finally ran into the goose-pond, and stayed there nearly all day.

16. For two or three days afterwards he looked very sheepish, and seemed to hang his head and look sorry whenever any of us said "hornets!" But it was many a day before he would follow me into the apple-orchard again.

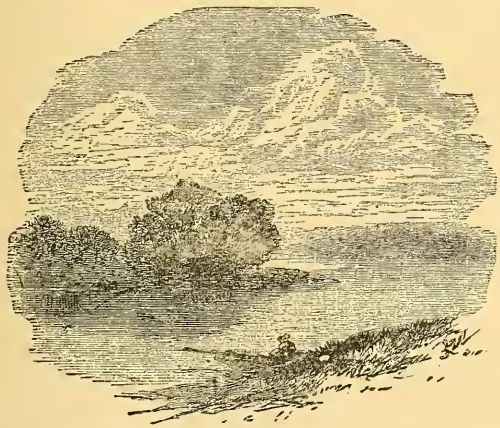
QUESTIONS. — Did you ever see a hornet? What was it like? Where do hornets build their nests? What kind of nests do they build? What was Lion? What happened to him in the orchard? How did he behave after the accident?

LESSON II.

drought	im-me'di-ate-ly	hes'i-ta-ted	dis-solved'
ex-ist'ence	gi-gan'tic	mag-nif'i-cence	vis'i-ble
ac-quired'	re-mem'bered	con'scious-ness	sal-u-ta'tion
op-pressed'	de-scend'	ben-e-fac'tor	sac'ri-fic-ing
o-bliged'	in-ev'i-ta-bly	ag'i-ta-ted	re-joiced'

THE CLOUD.

ONE summer's morning a small cloud rose from the sea, and sailed through the blue sky and over the whole land, that lay below parched and sorrowing after a long drought.



2. As the cloudlet floated onward, it saw how man, full of care, and in the sweat of his face, was working and toiling on the earth; while it, free from all care and trouble, was borne on its way by the light breath of a purer air.

3. "Ah!" said the cloud, "were I but able to do aught for those poor men below! — to lighten their labor, to frighten away their cares, to provide food for the hungry, and give refreshment to those who thirst!"

4. And the day advanced, and the cloud grew always larger; and as it grew, the desire to devote its existence to man acquired still greater force.

5. But on the earth it was hotter and hotter; the glowing sun burned fiercely, and sorely oppressed all those who were at labor. They well-nigh fainted with the heat; but still they were obliged to toil on, for they were very poor.

6. And they cast an imploring look toward the cloud, as though they would say, "Oh, if thou wouldst but help us!"

"Yes, I will help you!" said the cloud, and immediately began to incline gently toward the earth.

7. But then the cloud remembered what it had once heard as a child, when in the bosom of the ocean; that the clouds, if they descend too low, inevitably meet their death.

8. For a long time it hesitated, and was driven to and fro by its thoughts. At last it stood still, and spoke bold and joyful, "Ye children of men, I will help you, let happen what may!"

9. This thought suddenly made the cloud of a gigantic size, and strong and mighty. Like a god of blessing it stood over the land, and lifted its head and spread its wings far over the fields.

10. Its magnificence was so great that men and animals were afraid; that the trees and the grass bowed before it; but all felt an inner consciousness that it was their benefactor.

"Yes, I will help you!" cried the cloud again; "receive me — I die for you!"

11. It was a mighty will which then agitated the cloud. A more exalted brightness inflamed it, thunder rolled through every part; it was pervaded by a vast, by an endless love. It sank down on the earth and dissolved in blessing-dropping rain.

12. This rain was its deed, this rain was its death, and in it it was to be glorified. Over the whole land, as far as the rain had poured itself, there rose a gleaming rainbow, formed of the purest rays of heaven; it was the last visible salutation of a vast self-sacrificing love.

13. Yet that soon vanished also; but the blessings which the cloud had given remained, and were long afterwards possessed by man, whom it had rejoiced and saved.

QUESTIONS. — Where does rain come from? How are clouds formed? What causes the rainbow? This lesson is an allegory: — what is it intended to teach us?

LESSON III.

min'utes	crim'son	stead'i-ly	tri-um'phant-ly
col'ored	skein	wound	ex-cite'ment
worst'eds	en-cour'ag-ing-ly	pleas'ant	pre-tend'ed
prac'ticed	dif'fer-ence	ear'nest-ness	con-tempt'

WAITING.

"IT'S never going to come," said Eddy, in a fretful tone of voice. He was lying on the floor doing nothing.

2. "What is not going to come?" asked his sister Fanny. "Why, four o'clock. It's only two now. Just look at the clock. The hands don't move a bit."

3. "You are to have a ride at four?" said Fanny.

"Yes. Mr. Gardiner is going to take me to the park. He's to call in his buggy at four o'clock. Oh, dear! I wish it was four now."

4. "It won't come any faster for the wishing, Eddy. But there is a way to make it come so quickly that the hours will seem hardly longer than minutes."

5. "I'd like to know that way," said Eddy, starting up from the floor.

"Maybe I can show it to you;" and Fanny smiled pleasantly. "Time is swift or slow as we choose to make it. Don't you remember the party at Mrs. Winder's?"

6. "Indeed I do! Was n't it splendid?"

"Yes; and when I told you it was eleven o'clock and we must go home, what did you say?"

"I said I did n't believe it was nine."

"When we are enjoying ourselves we take no thought of time."

7. As Fanny said this she opened a drawer and took out a bundle of colored worsteds.

"Will you wind or hold?" she said, as she opened the bundle.

"Oh, let me wind, won't you?" cried Eddy, reaching out his hands.

8. "Very well. You hold until I get the ball started, and then you shall wind."

So the ball was started, and then Eddy wound and wound until it was as big as his two fists.

"Just as nicely as I could have done it," said Fanny, as the last thread slipped from her hands, and she took the crimson ball and turned it round and round. "Shall we try another?"

9. "Oh, yes; I 'm ready," answered the pleased boy. Then Fanny selected an orange skein.

"Let me start it," said Eddy.

"Very well; you shall start this one;" and Fanny stretched the skein between her hands, while Eddy loosened a thread and wound it about his fingers to make a centre for the ball.

10. "That's the way," said his sister, encouragingly. "Now it's all right. Isn't it a beautiful color?"

"Splendid!" replied Eddy, who used his strongest word.

11. An orange ball was laid in due time beside the ball of crimson.

"And now for one of blue," said Fanny.

"Blue it shall be," answered the boy. "And this time I will hold and you shall wind. Turn and turn about, you know."

12. "That's generous," said Fanny, as she slipped the skein of blue wool over Eddy's hands. "But I don't believe I can wind a firmer or more even ball than yours. I'm going to try, however, for it won't do to let a little boy get ahead of me. You must hold steadily, mind. No putting of me out."

13. Eddy laughed, and his eyes danced with pleasant excitement. He held the skein firmly and in good faith, while Fanny's hand flew around the ball she was making.

14. "Now let us see," she cried, as the last thread dropped from Eddy's hands, and she laid the blue beside the orange ball. "I say that mine is smoothest."

"And I say that mine is," laughed Eddy. "And it's harder than yours. Just feel it."

"Maybe it is harder," returned Fanny; "but I'll stick up for mine as being smoothest."

15. "What's smooth?" answered Eddy, with pretended contempt.

"It's a great deal. But I see that we can't settle this dispute. We must call in mother. But mind, she's not to know which is which."

"I'm agreed," said the boy. "Mother shall decide."

16. So mother was called, and the orange and the blue balls set before her.

"Eddy wound one and I the other," said Fanny, "and you are to decide which is the best ball."

"Which is Eddy's?" asked mother.

17. "Oh, you're not to know. That's our secret. I say mine is best, and Eddy says his is best, and we want you to decide."

Mother looked at one and then at the other, felt of the orange and felt of the blue, and seemed puzzled.

18. "They're both so nicely wound that I can't tell which is best."

"Mine's best," said Eddy.

"And I say that mine is best," said Fanny, with mock earnestness.

"Then if they're both best, they are both alike," answered mother, "and there is, of course, no choice between them."

19. "And so you 're not going to decide?"

"How can I, when I see no difference between them?"

"But you must decide," said Fanny. "That 's what we called you in for;" and she gave mother a knowing look, touching the orange ball as she did so.

20. "Well, if I must, I must," returned mother, taking up the balls again and examining them closely. "The difference is so slight that only a practiced eye can detect it. Let me see. Orange. Yes, I give it to the orange."

21. "That 's the one I wound," said Eddy, triumphantly. "But see! here is Mr. Gardiner with his buggy. It is four o'clock, and the time has not seemed so long after all."

22. Eddy enjoyed his ride in the park all the more for having been pleasantly occupied while he was waiting for Mr. Gardiner. If we would have time pass quickly we must have something to keep us busy.

23. Labor is not more tiresome than idleness;

So, though you feel 't is hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Write out this story of Eddy and his sister.

LESSON IV.

bus'i-ness	jour'ney	jew'els	dis-hon'est
re-solved'	di-rec'tion	en-riched'	im-me'di-ate-ly
di'a-mond	in'no-cent	de-tec'tion	wad'ing
oc-curred'	en-trust'ed	cau'tious-ly	en'e-my
suc'cor	ac-cord'ing-ly	dis-mount'ed	Per'sian

THE THREE SONS.

A RICH Persian, feeling himself grow old, and finding that the cares of business were too great for him, resolved to divide his goods among his three sons, reserving a small portion to himself as a provision for his latter years.

2. The sons were all well satisfied with the distribution, and each took his share with thanks, and promised that it should be well and frugally employed. When this important business was thus settled, the father addressed his sons in the following words:

3. "There is one thing which I have not included in the share of any one of you. It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. I will give it to that one of you who shall earn it by the noblest deed. Go, therefore, and travel for three months; at the end of that time we will meet here again, and you shall tell me what you have done."

4. The sons departed accordingly, and traveled for three months, each in a different direction.

At the end of that time they returned; and all came together to their father to give an account of their journey. The eldest son spoke first.

5. "On my journey a stranger entrusted to me a great number of valuable jewels, without taking any account of them. Indeed, I was well aware that he did not know how many the parcel contained. One or two of them would never have been missed, and I might easily have enriched myself without fear of detection. But I gave back the parcel exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?"

6. "My son," replied the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise, you would have been dishonest and your deed would have shamed you. You have done well, but not nobly."

7. The second son now spoke. He said: "As I was wending on my journey, I one day saw a poor child playing by the margin of a lake; and, just as I rode by, it fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned. I immediately dismounted from my horse, and, wading into the water, brought it safe to land. All the people of the village where this occurred can bear witness to the deed. Was it not a noble action?"

8. "My son," replied the old man, "you did only what was your duty. You could hardly have left the innocent child to die without making an effort to save it. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

9. Then the third son came forward to tell his tale. He said: "I had an enemy, who for years had done me much harm and sought to take my life. One evening during my journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a steep cliff. As I rode cautiously along, my horse started at sight of something lying in the road.

10. "I dismounted to see what it was, and found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep, and he must have rolled over, and would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. His life was in my hands. I drew him away from the edge, and then woke him, and told him to go on his way in peace."

11. Then the old Persian cried out, in a transport of joy, "Dear son, the diamond is thine; for it is a noble and a godlike thing to succor an enemy, and to reward evil with good."

QUESTIONS. — What did the rich Persian say to his sons? Tell the story of the eldest son. Of the second. Of the youngest. Which best deserved the diamond? Why?

LESSON V.

in-tel'li-gence	fu'ri-ous-ly	op-por-tu'ni-ty	fea'tures
jus'ti-fied	de-ter'mined	des'per-ate	man'aged
dan'ger-ous	hy-dro-pho'bi-a	dis-ease'	ex-haust'ed
fran'tic	com-pan'ions	champ'ing	symp'toms
pierc'ing	vi'o-lence	fren'zy	en-coun'ter-ing

THOMAS BUXTON.

WHEN Thomas Buxton was thirty years old he was a capital sportsman and a man of remarkable personal strength and great height. During a visit that his wife and children were making at a distance, he had been staying with his brother-in-law, not far from his home.

2. When his servant brought his horse to him there, it was with the intelligence that his dog, Prince, was in a strange state, had killed the cat, almost killed another dog, and had tried to bite some of the servants.

3. Mr. Buxton desired that the creature should be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to his business in the town; but as he returned he saw Prince, evidently mad, covered with mud, running furiously and biting at everything.

4. Mr. Buxton tried to ride him down or drive him into some outhouse, but in vain; and he bit at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man, springing at a boy and seizing him by the breast, but this time his master was near enough to knock him down with his whip.

5. He then changed his course, setting off for town, and Mr. Buxton rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him, and constantly calling to him; but the poor animal was past attending to the well-known voice, whether coaxing or scolding.

6. He was getting near more closely inhabited places, and considering the fearful damage he might do, Mr. Buxton thought if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, and determined to catch him himself.

7. Prince ran to a garden-door, and Mr. Buxton, leaping from his horse, grasped him by the neck. His struggles were so desperate, that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him; but lifting him up from the ground, he was more easily managed, and Mr. Buxton contrived to ring the bell; but for a long time no one came to his help.

8. Being afraid lest the foam which was pouring from the poor beast's jaws might get into some scratch on his fingers, and be as dangerous as an actual bite, he with great difficulty held Prince with one hand while he worked the other into the glove in his pocket, then changed hands, and thus put on the other glove.

9. At last the gardener opened the door, and asked what he wanted. "I've brought you a

mad dog," was the answer; and desiring him to get a strong chain, Mr. Buxton walked into the yard carrying Prince by the neck.

10. He was determined not to kill the dog at once, thinking that if it should prove not to be a case of hydrophobia, it would be a great relief to the persons who had been bitten, and this could only be determined by letting the disease take its course.

11. The gardener was in great terror, but had sense enough to obey directions, and was able to secure the collar round the dog's neck, and fasten the other end of the chain to a tree. Mr. Buxton then walked to the utmost bound of the chain, and with all his force threw the creature as far away from him as he could, and sprang back in time to avoid poor Prince's desperate bound after him, which was followed by "the most fearful yell he ever heard."

12. All day the unhappy creature rushed round and round the tree, champing the foam that gushed from his jaws, and when food was thrown to him, snatched at it with fury, but could not eat it. The next day Mr. Buxton thought the chain was in danger of giving way, so, renewing his act of bravery, he obtained a stronger chain and a pitchfork.

13. Between the prongs of this he contrived to

get the dog's body, without piercing it, and thus held him pinned down to the ground, while fastening a much larger chain round his neck. On the pitchfork being removed, the dog sprang up and dashed after his master with such violence that the old chain snapped in two.

14. However, the frenzy soon spent his strength, and he died only forty-eight hours after the first symptoms of madness had appeared. All the dogs and cats he had bitten were killed by Mr. Buxton himself. The man and the boys had the bitten parts cut out and the wounds burnt, and it was hoped that the horrid consequences might be averted from them.

15. He himself expressed great thankfulness both for his own escape and his children's absence from home, and thus wrote to his wife a day or two after:—"What a terrible business it was. You must not scold me for the risk I ran. What I did, I did from a conviction that it was my duty.

16. "And I never can think that an over-cautious care of self in circumstances where your risk may preserve others, is so great a virtue as you seem to think it. I do believe if I had shrunk from the danger, and others had suffered in consequence, I should have felt more pain than I should have done had I received a bite."

17. The perfect coolness and presence of mind shown in the whole adventure are, perhaps, its most remarkable features. All was done from no sudden impulse, no daring temper, but from the conviction of the duty of encountering the peril in order to make others secure.

QUESTIONS. — Describe Mr. Buxton. What was told him by his servant. How did he secure the mad dog? How did he manage to put a stronger chain on him?

LESSON VI.

bo'som	glo'ri-ous	whis'pered	sphere
trem'bled	as-signed'	mead	bur'den
prith'ee	dis-port'ing	parched	liv'ing

WHAT THE TINY DROP SAID.

AS a little rain-drop clung
To the bosom of a cloud,
Much it trembled ere it fell,
And it sobbed and wept aloud.

"Such a tiny drop as I,
Prithee do not let me go;
My humble work were nothing
On the great round world below.

"If the tender blades are parched,
Or the corn is very dry,
There is nothing I can do —
Such a tiny thing as I.

"I cannot swell a river,
Or e'en fill a lily's bell;
And should be lost for ever
In the forest if I fell.

"I pray thee let me tarry
In the blue and sunny sky,
Disporting in the sunbeams —
Such a tiny drop as I."

"I know you are a little drop,"
The cloud it whispered low;
"And yet how sad a thing 't would be
If every drop said so!

"Alone you cannot clothe the mead
With fresh and living green;
But each its little work must do,
The little blades between.

"You cannot form the smallest rill,
Much less the foaming tide;
But you may join and form a sea,
With others by your side.

"In all the great and glorious works
The mighty Lord has done,
There is a post of duty fixed
For every little one.

"Each has its humble sphere to fill,
Each has its lot assigned,
Each must its little burden bear
With firm and willing mind."

LESSON VII.

dis-en-gaged′	re-solved′	ver′dure	maj′es-ty
bound′less	pre-vailed′	rap′ture	an′them
mil′lions	di′a-mond	bab′bling	surg′es
myr′i-ad	in-ces′sant-ly	riv′u-lets	sun′beam

WHAT THE TINY DROP DID.

THE cloud then gently disengaged
Its child, and let it go,
And bade it do its duty well
In the great world below.

And as it floated gently down
Thro' boundless fields of air,
Lo! all at once, it saw around
Millions of rain-drops there.

Each one of all that myriad throng
Had left its mother's breast;
Resolved, whatever might befall,
To try to do his best.

All fear was banished, hope prevailed,
Joy glanced from every eye,
And all these diamond glistenings made
A rainbow in the sky.

Down, down, they float incessantly
On forest, field, and flower,
Till not a leaf or blade is seen,
Unfreshened by the shower.

Still down, and down, from out the air,
On hill, and dale, and moor,
On garden, waste, and wilderness,
Incessantly they pour.

The verdure lifts its drooping head,
The flowers in rapture glow,
The babbling brooks and rivulets
With leaping waters flow.

These swell the mighty river's tide,
Which rolls in majesty,
Until our tiny drop becomes
Part of the wide, wide sea.

There, while it joined the anthem deep
Of ocean's surges loud,
A sunbeam raised it up to be
Part of a golden cloud.

LESSON VIII.

del'i-cate	neg-lect'ed	prac'ticed	ap-pear'ance
por'ridge	sau'ci-ness	pro-tec'tress	nec'es-sa-ry
mis'tress	hon'ors	com-pos'ed-ly	sil'ver-ing
in'ti-mate	rec-ol-lect'ed	hand'som-er	suit'ed
con-spic'u-ous	jeal'ous	tremb'ling	com'rades

THE WOODEN SPOON.

THERE was once a wooden spoon that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner,—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying, "Ah, how pretty it is!" Thus the little spoon grew vain and proud.

2. "Ah," thought the beautiful wooden spoon, "if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal-porridge I serve out to quite common folk."

3. So the wooden spoon said to the mistress, "Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon; I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. I am not suited to servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon."

4. The mistress wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a silversmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions.

5. When she came home, she lay in the plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the teaspoons to call her aunt, and called herself first cousin to the silver forks.

6. But it happened that when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden

spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table.

7. As this happened several times, and even when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress.

8. "Dear lady," she said, "I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

9. "Ah," said the mistress, "the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. "What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

10. "Dear child, silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest; and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant."

11. The mistress, still willing to gratify the

desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the silversmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the silversmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

12. "Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must he bore straight into my heart," — for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons *have* hearts, — "but one must bear all for honor. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon."

13. So the silversmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket.

14. Now the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference. She passed for a real silver spoon, and would have been happy but for that lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors.

15. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the mistress died; and the silver spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced.

16. She recollected that the mistress was the only person who knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon. But now that the mistress was dead, she said to herself, "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem."

17. The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest: she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein.

18. She was dreadfully alarmed, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she cried. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!"

19. "Oh, no!" said an old silver spoon and fork, who lay composedly side by side, — they

had been comrades from youth these two, and had already gone through the furnace I know not how often, — "Oh, no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us; the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a handsomer form."

20. The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known!"

21. The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried in great excitement, and with a trembling voice, "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

22. "Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! Can the dear master think so meanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! Ah, the dear master can easily see if I am of lead."

23. "Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

24. "Yes," cried the poor spoon, who, as soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy, "yes, I am only a common wooden spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal-porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"

QUESTION.—What does this story teach us to avoid?

LESSON IX.

gov'ern-ment	re-bel'lion	ex-e-cut'ed	span'iel
jus'tice	con-demned'	scaf'fold	mea'gre
lan'guish-ing	sep'a-rat-ed	ex-cit'ed	shrieked

THE PRISONER'S DOG.

ABOUT eighty years ago there was a change of government in France. The people rose up in rebellion, cut off the heads of their king and queen, and killed a great many people who were attached to them. One of these persons

who was thus executed had a very faithful dog, of which I will give you a short account.

2. This dog was a water-spaniel, ten or twelve years old, which had been brought up with him, and had never left him. When his master was put into prison, all his family were obliged to flee; all his friends left him; he was forsaken by all, except his dog. The jailer would not let the dog into the prison, so he went back to a neighbor that lived near his master's house.

3. But the dog did not forget his master. Once every day he left his house and went to the prison. They would not let him in; but he stopped an hour before the door, and then went back again. One day the porter was so much struck with the affection of this poor dog, that he opened the prison-door and let him go in.

4. He saw his master, and was filled with joy. But the time came when he must go out again, and this pained him very much. However, after this, once every day they let in this poor dog to see his master. He licked his hand, looked up in his face, again licked his hand, and then went away of himself.

5. But the day now came when the prisoner had to be tried by the judge. He was one of those who had been true to the king, so he was not likely to be let off. Although the crowd was

very great, the dog managed to creep into the hall of justice between the legs of his master. The judge condemned the prisoner to die, so now the dog would lose his friend for ever.

6. When the hour of execution arrived, the dog made his way upon the scaffold. The ax falls, cuts off his master's head, but still the dog follows his dead body. He watches the men dig the grave, and when they have finished, he lies down upon it, waiting perhaps for his master to come again.

7. There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbor, in the meantime, unhappy at not seeing him, searches for the dog, finds him, and makes him eat. But an hour afterwards the dog had gone back to the grave. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master.

8. Each day he was more sad, more meagre, and he seemed languishing away. They tried by chaining him up to wean him from his sorrow, but his grief was too strong within him. He broke his fetters, escaped, and never left the grave afterwards. It was in vain that they tried to carry him away. They brought him food, but he ate it no longer.

9. One day he began digging up with his feet

the earth that separated him from his beloved master. Passion gave him strength, and he, little by little, got nearer to the body. The farther he dug, the more excited he became; he shrieked in his troubles, his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last breath, as if he knew that he had found his master at last.

Write out an abstract of this anecdote.

LESSON X.

tempt'ed	cus'toms	judg'ment	treas'ure
con'science	daugh'ter	coup'le	de-ci'sion
seized	won'der-ful	an'i-mals	coun'try
in'no-cent	al-might'y	cit'i-zen	mar'riage

ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

ALEXANDER the Great was a famous warrior and king, who lived in Greece many hundreds of years ago. He conquered a great many countries in Asia, and his sole delight was in making war. It is said of him that he once came to an African kingdom, where the people lived quietly in huts, and knew nothing about war or warriors.

2. The people took him to the hut of their chief, who received him kindly. He ordered his servants to place before the king golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. "Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander. "I sup-

pose," said the chief, "that you are able to find common food at home. What is the reason why you are come among us?"

3. "Your gold has not tempted me here," said Alexander; "but I would willingly be told of your manners and customs."

"You are welcome," said the chief, "to stay among us as long as you like."

4. When they had done talking, two men came in to seek the judgment of their ruler. One of them, speaking to the chief, said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure of gold hidden in the earth.

5. "This is not mine, for I agreed only for the land, not for any gold that might be found beneath it. But when I brought it to him, he would not receive it, for he says that, having sold the land, it does not belong to him."

6. The chief then asked the other man what he had to say to this. In reply, he said, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land, not only with what appeared in it at the time, but with all that he might afterwards find in it. He has found this gold, and it therefore properly belongs to him."

7. The judge then repeated the statement of each, in order that the men might see whether he

understood the case rightly. Then, after thinking about the matter, he said to one of them, "You have a son, friend, have you not?" "And you," he said to the other, "have a daughter?" Each replied that the chief was right in what he had said. "Well, then," said he to the latter, "let this man's son marry thy daughter, and let the treasure be the marriage portion of the young couple."

8. When these two men had gone, well pleased with the judgment, Alexander said he was surprised at what he had seen and heard. "Do you think my decision unjust?" asked the chief. "Oh, no!" said the king; "but it surprises me."

9. "And how, then, would the case have been decided in the country where you live?" said the chief. "To tell you the truth," said Alexander, "we should have put both of the persons in prison, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

10. "For the king's use," said the chief, "when it did not belong to him? why, that would be downright robbery!" "That would have been the judgment in our country," said the king. "And does the sun shine in that country?" asked the chief. "Oh, yes!" said Alexander. "Does it rain there?" "Certainly," said the king.

11. "That is wonderful!" said the other; "but are there tame animals in that country, which

live on grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of various kinds," was the answer. "Then, said the chief, "it must be because of those innocent animals that the Almighty continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop on so wicked a country."

QUESTIONS. — Who was Alexander the Great? What did the African king set before him? Relate the dispute of the two men, and the king's decision. What would the decision have been in the country of Alexander? What remarks did the African king make on this?

LESSON XI.

punc'tu-al	grat'i-tude	hymn	un-wea'ried
of'fer-ings	a-bun'dant	be-stowed'	trans-gressed'

NOONDAY HYMN.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn;
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then, here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is there a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven, the unwearied sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide from Thy love's abundant source
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west
When we shall sink to final rest.

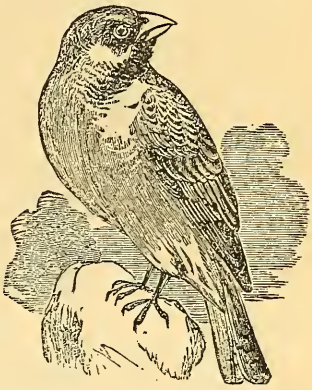
LESSON XII.

throat	pre-fers′	haunts	de-stroy′
com-put′ed	cat′er-pil-lars	in′sects	pre-pared′
man′ages	gen′er-al-ly	lei′sure	as-sist′ance
fa-mil′iar	bor′row	heav′i-er	bus′tle

THE SPARROW.

EVERY one knows the house-sparrow, in its plain brown coat, the male with a black patch upon his throat, and some white and black streaks

upon his wings. Other birds may take to the fields and woods if they like; the sparrow prefers the noisy street and the haunts of man.



2. Indeed it is never found but near human dwellings; as soon as a man builds a house the sparrow will come too, and it knows well that it is for their mutual advantage to remain together.

3. The sparrow will eat anything — crumbs and scraps of every kind which it can pick up — but is supposed to like grain and corn best of all. So some farmers hate him, and set to work to get rid of him, forgetting the insects which sparrows destroy in such numbers.

4. It has been computed that a pair of sparrows, while feeding their young, bring them about four thousand caterpillars every week, besides other insects, so that if the sparrow's good and bad deeds were put into a scale, the good would weigh the heavier after all.

5. The nest of the sparrow is formed of hay, and it is not very carefully prepared for its young family. The large, untidy mass is placed among

the rafters of a barn, or stuffed in against the pipes which run up the sides of houses, or in the water-pipes themselves at the tops of houses.

6. The eggs are five or six, of bluish-white, prettily marked with green spots, and there are generally three broods in a year. Sometimes the sparrow will make its nest in a tall elm-tree near to houses, and, being more unprotected there, the family home is in that case made warmer and tight.

7. We have seen that it leads no idle life, and as it rears three families, while most birds are content with one, it follows that it does three times as much work as they do.

8. I do not know how it manages to get through so much work, for sparrows always seem hopping about as if they had nothing to do: but is not this generally the case? It is to the busy, active people, who always seem at leisure if you want them, that you look for assistance, while those who do next to nothing are always in a bustle.

9. The sparrow is quick and cunning even in its native state, and will carefully avoid snares and traps which are put to catch it. Its voice is only a noisy chirp, very familiar, and not very pleasing, to our ears; yet the little child in the crowded city, who has seldom or never seen the bright

birds of the woodlands, nor heard their songs, may get a little pleasure even out of a sparrow.

10. Black and dingy as it is, it is a living creature, and has its free wings that it could soar away with, only it chooses to stay there upon the house-top. Indeed, what should we any of us know about soaring wings were it not for the birds?

11. We talk about spirits soaring up to heaven, and of angels' wings, and of giving our thoughts wing, but have you ever thought how we borrow these images from the birds? Perhaps the thoughts of the city child would be poorer if there were no sparrows there.

12. We can never look at a sparrow without thinking of the place it holds in the Bible. God makes the commonest and plainest bird the example of his tender care for us, so that the smallest child on the earth can say, "Though I am not of much use, yet still I am better than a sparrow; and if God says he takes thought for the sparrows, why of course he will provide for me."

QUESTIONS. — Where does the sparrow prefer to live? What does it eat? How many caterpillars will a pair of sparrows bring to their young in a week? Where is the sparrow's nest usually built? How many broods will a pair raise in a year? What figurative expressions do we derive from the birds?

LESSON XIII.

wea'ry	quiv'er-ing	rust'ling	dark'en-ing
mead'ows	dai'sies	im-men'si-ty	myr'i-ads
Al-might'y	wrought	won'drous	pre'cious

HOME AT NIGHTFALL.

HOME the weary birds are flying,
On their quivering, beating wings;
Hiding in the rustling ivy
That about our window clings.
There is One who makes the shelter
For the wild birds as for all;
Not a sparrow drops from heaven
But our Father marks its fall.
Canst thou feed the birds that toil not,
Care for them, forgetting me?
No! and as the birds fly homeward,
Helpless, too, I fly to Thee.

Father, in the darkening meadows,
In the long grass hidden deep,
Thou hast closed the wild-flower blossoms,
And the daisies are asleep.
I may gather them to-morrow,
We may crush them in our play,
Yet thou clothest these in beauty —
These that perish in a day.
Let me sleep as they are sleeping,
In the darkness safe with Thee;
Who would fear, thus breathing, living
In Thy blest immensity?

And the far-off stars are watching
Worlds too distant for our thought,

All the shining countless myriads
Thy Almighty hands have wrought;
Yet with this wild world around me,
And the wondrous worlds above,

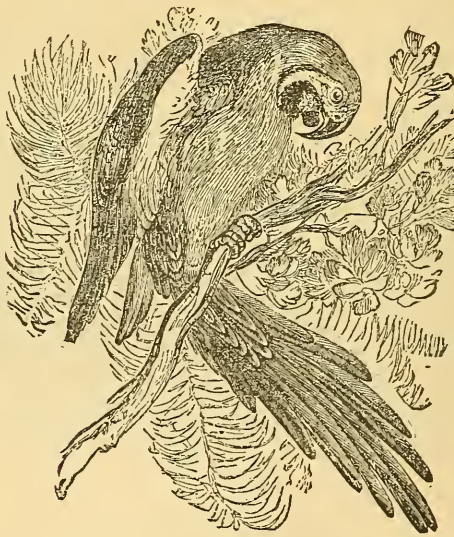
Thou dost think of me, yea, love me,
With a real, boundless love.
And the hearts of little children
Are more precious in Thy sight
Than the thousand stars of heaven
In their glory and their light.

LESSON XIV.

par'rots	bloom'ing	chat'ter-ing	boughs
es-pe'cial-ly	ker'nels	en-a'ble	sup'ple
dis-tinct'	bath'ing	feath'ers	break'fast-ed
bus'i-ness	plum'ing	hol'low	scooped

THE PARROT.

PARROTS abound in the forests of South America. They live where there is summer all the year round, where the leaves are always green, and the flowers are always blooming.



There the bright little humming-bird may be seen darting about in the sunshine. And at night the fire-fly flits to and fro, shining like a tiny star.

2. The parrot makes his home in the forest, because he can find shade there in the heat of the day. If you were going through the forest, you would hear such a noise and chattering in the boughs over your head, that you would wonder what was the matter. If you looked up, you would see a great many parrots sitting on the boughs.

3. Parrots feed chiefly on fruit and seeds; and plenty of fruit grows in the forest for them to eat. They are very fond of the wild cherry, especially of the stone. They drive their hard, strong bill into it, and get the kernel out in a minute.

4. The bill of the parrot seems made on purpose to enable him to crack these stones. It is very sharp, and is hooked at the end. In fact, his bill is his knife and his foot is his fork. He can hold anything he likes in his foot. It is as useful to him as your hand is to you.

5. The toes of the parrot are as distinct from each other as your fingers are; and the joints are so supple that he can bend them about in any way he pleases. If it were not for his foot, he could never climb the trees as he does.

6. He hooks himself on to a branch overhead by his bill. Then he lays hold of a bough with his foot and pulls himself up. He goes on

climbing in this way till he gets to the top of the tree.

7. Parrots are very fond of bathing. They fly about till they find some clear pool or stream. Then they enjoy themselves very much indeed. They dip into the water, and splash it all over their feathers. When they are tired of bathing, they sit in the sun and dress their feathers till they are dry.

8. In the middle of the day, the heat becomes very great. Then the parrots fly into the deepest shade they can find. They perch on the trees and go to sleep. The chattering ceases, and the forest is still. But in the evening, when the sun is down, they wake up, and are as noisy and as lively as ever.

9. They sup, as they breakfasted, upon the kernels of the fruits; and then they go to the water to bathe once more. Again follows the business of pluming their feathers; and after this they go to rest for the night. But they do not roost in the branches where they took their mid-day nap.

10. Their sleeping-room is a hollow in a tree, scooped out by the woodpecker. As many parrots go in as the hollow will contain. The rest hook themselves to the bark by their claws and bills, and hang there during the night.

11. The parrot lays her eggs in these hollow trees. She does not make a nest, but is content with the soft rotten wood; and the whole flock lay their eggs together in the same tree.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in that climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day;
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died!

LESSON XV.

star'ing	ug'ly	queer	jab'ber
jib'ber	feath'er	gri-ma'ces	os'trich

CHANGING PLACES.

IF bird and beast could have their way,
How great the change we'd see!
They would come staring at the cage,
Where *we* for show might be.

They'd say, "What funny creatures these!
Poor things! they've ne'er a feather,
But wrap their bodies up in clothes,
And their strange feet in leather.

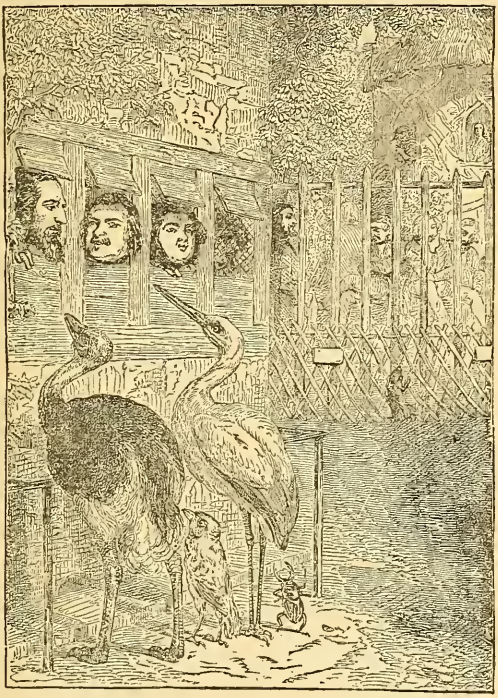
"And see! the little scraps of fur
In patches round their faces;
It's worth the money that is charged
To watch their queer grimaces.

"We must come back at feeding-time,
It's only once a day;
I wouldn't miss it for the world—
They eat in such a way.

"Instead of pecking up their food,
They use a thing called 'fork;'
I'm told they cannot fly at all,
But always have to walk.

"They're fed on meat, of all odd things—
On mutton, beef, or pork;
Not raw, you know; some birds do that,
But cooked. Just hear them talk!

"Just listen, now, what jibber jabber,
How different to our voices;
The pleasant thought that *we* are birds,
My very heart rejoices.



"They make a very ugly noise;
I wonder what they say!
Don't go so near — perhaps they bite,
Although they seem in play.

"How they must wish that they had wings
And beaks, as you or I!
Come on, dear Ostrich, let us go;
Poor ugly things, good-bye!"

LESSON XVI.

per-fume′	pat′ter-ing	fra′grant	chilled
nest′ling	nois′i-ly	blos′soms	re′gions
au′tumn	in′no-cence	thrilled	lov′ing-ly
with′ered	flakes	lil′y	val′ley

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, THE DEW-DROPS, AND THE SNOW.

A LILY of the valley pushed up its green leaves as the spring opened, hung out its tiny white bells and breathed its perfume on the air. Every evening a host of little dew-drops came and sat on its green leaves, or nestled in its white flower-bells, and the lily loved the dew-drops and took them into her heart.

2. All through the hot summer the lily dwelt in a cool retreat, shaded by tall forest trees, by lowly ferns, and by rankly-growing grasses, and dew-drops came to her every evening, sitting on her green leaves, nestling in her flower-bells, and going down to dwell in her loving heart. The lily was very happy.

3. Autumn painted the forest trees, and made the mountains and valleys look like splendid pictures. Then, as the days grew shorter and the frost fell, the leaves of the trees lost their rich coloring and dropped to the ground.

4. And now the lily could look up through the leafless branches of the trees above her and see the

blue sky and the bright sun. But the cold winds began to moan and sigh, and to rush down into the valley where the lily grew. As soon as their chill was felt by the dew-drops, they said, "Now we must go, sweet lily, but we will come again."

5. And the lily was sad at this, and drooped her leaves as the gentle dew-drops crept out of her heart and were kissed away by the wind. Then all her leaves faded, and her stem withered, and she shrank away into the ground. After this the frost came and built a prison of earth as hard as stone all about the lily.

6. Meantime, the dew-drops, borne away by the winter winds, rose in the air. Up, up they went until they were lost in the clouds among sister drops, which had, like them, risen from the earth. Colder and colder it grew in this high region, until the drops were changed into pure white snow and came drifting down to the earth.

7. How beautiful it was! Old men and children came out to look at the soft flakes that dropped through the air like the soft down of birds; not pattering noisily, as the rain, but touching all things gently and silently. Soon the dull, brown earth and every tree and shrub were clad in garments as white as innocence.

8. Down in its frozen cell slept the lily. It could not hear the snow-flakes that dropped on

the ground above its resting-place, even if their coming had not been in silence, for its sleep was like the sleep of death.

9. For many weeks the snow rested above the lily's hiding-place, softening the frozen earth and drawing out the hard and chilling frost. Flake after flake melted and went down to search for the lily. At last they found her and awakened her with kisses, and she said, "Oh, my sweet dew-drops! I thought you were gone forever."

10. But they answered, "No; we have come to you again, as we told you when the winds bore us away and carried us into the sky. We came back as snow, and have softened and warmed the frozen earth over your head. The spring is almost here. Soon you can push up your green leaves and hang out your white bells, and then we will rest on your leaves again and creep into your fragrant blossoms."

11. At this the lily's heart thrilled with delight, and she began to make herself ready for the coming spring. A few weeks longer, and many more dew-drops came down and told the lily that all was ready above. And they gathered about her, and crept into her chilled heart, and, like good angels, bore her up to the regions of air and sunshine.

12. Then she spread forth her green leaves

again, and hung out her row of white flower-bells, filling the air with sweetness. And every evening and morning the dew-drops came to her as of old, and she took them lovingly into her heart, and they were very happy.

LESSON XVII.

cred'it-a-ble	dis-con-tent'ed	ful-filled'	crys'tal
Christ'mas	com-pan'ions	ad-mi-ra'tion	ma-jes'tic
re-spect'a-ble	beau'ti-ful	ped'ler	splint'ered
frag'ments	heart'i-ly	as-ton'ish-ment	trans-pa'rent

THE LITTLE PINE-TREE.

THERE was once a little pine-tree that grew out in the forest among the other trees, and was a very creditable little tree in its way, and fit for a Christmas-tree in any respectable family; but just because it was a pine-tree, and not another kind of tree, it had no broad leaves on its branches, but pointed green shafts, like needles.

2. Well, this little pine-tree once took a freak, and began to be discontented with its needles, and to wish that leaves would grow on its branches. It kept repeating to itself: "All my companions have beautiful leaves, and I have only these foolish needles. No one stops to ad-

mire me. If I might only have a wish granted, it should be that I might be covered with golden leaves."

3. And the night came on, and the little tree went to sleep; and on the following morning it woke up in due course. And, behold, its wish had been fulfilled in the night; and there it stood, covered with leaves of shining gold, and all the other trees were looking at it with admiration.

4. And the little tree said: "Now I have a right to feel proud, for there is not a single tree in the forest but myself that has leaves of gold."

5. But when the evening came on, there came an old pedler stumping through the wood, with a long beard on his face, and a thick staff in his hand, and a great bag on his back. When he saw the little tree, in all its pride of glittering gold leaves, he said: "Halloo! here's a bit of good luck for me!"

6. And he opened his great bag in a hurry, and went up to the little pine-tree, and plucked every one of its golden leaves, which he popped into his sack and carried away, leaving the poor little pine-tree standing as bare as bare can be.

7. Now the little tree felt very sad at the misfortune it had just endured, and said to itself: "A pretty state I am in now! All the other trees will laugh at me, and rustle their leaves ill-

naturedly, just to annoy me, when they notice how I have lost all mine. Now if I could only have another wish granted, I should ask for a suit of leaves of sparkling, transparent glass."

8. And the night came on, and the little tree went to sleep; and on the following morning it woke up, as it was accustomed to do. But when the little tree looked at itself in the morning, it was struck speechless for a moment with astonishment and admiration at its own beauty.

9. For in the night, while it slept, its second wish had been fulfilled, and now it stood adorned with a complete suit of shining leaves of crystal glass. "Upon my word, I cannot help feeling rather proud," said the little pine-tree, in its glee; "for no tree in all the forest glitters as I do." But the little pine-tree's pleasure did not last long.

10. Presently the sky became dark, and the wind began to whistle through the forest, so that the great oaks and beeches waved their majestic heads and rustled their leaves; but as the little pine-tree's leaves were made of brittle glass, they splintered and broke whenever they clashed together; and in a short time all the beautiful glass leaves were lying in fragments on the grass, and the little tree stood there as bare as on the former day after it had lost all its golden foliage.

11. Then the little pine-tree felt very sorry, and said: "What a pity that those pretty glass leaves should be so brittle! I never thought that when they clashed together they would break. If I had known that, I should never have wished for them.

12. "But I do not like to stand here in this condition, with all the other trees laughing at me because I wished for glass leaves. If I could have one more wish, I should like to have just such broad green leaves as those tall trees yonder have on their great branches; for their leaves last them all the summer through."

13. And the evening came on, and all the trees went to sleep according to their custom; and the little tree went to sleep with the rest. But the next morning, when it woke up at dawn of day,

it felt very happy and light-hearted. For in the night, while it slept, its wish had been fulfilled, and a fine crop of green leaves had covered its little branches.

14. And the little tree said to itself: "Now I have as fine a crop of leaves as any of those big trees yonder, and need not care for any of them."

15. And all day long the little pine-tree stood waving its green arms in the wind, and thinking how handsome its leaves looked in the sunshine. But the evening came on, and brought with it the old she-goat, who walked into the wood in search of something very fresh and dainty for her supper.

16. When she saw all these fine fresh leaves growing on the little tree well within her reach, she thought to herself, "Here 's good fortune for me!" and she put up her hungry old head and nibbled away every one of the green leaves.

17. So now the little tree stood for the third time as bare as ever; and it began to reflect on the error of its ways, and on the folly of wishing first for this thing and then for that.

18. And at last it sighed, and said: "I will not wish for any leaves again; I don't want to have red, or green, or yellow leaves; but if I could only get my needles back again, I would

not grumble or find fault with them any more." And so saying the little tree fell asleep.

19. And the next morning when the sun rose all the great oaks and beeches stood around the little pine-tree laughing. And the tree itself, far from being angry at this, laughed more heartily than they all. And why, do you think? Because in the night all its needles had come back again. And since that time it never has been discontented..

QUESTIONS. — What was the first wish of the pine-tree? The result? The second wish? The result? The third wish? The result?

LESSON XVIII.

boughs	rip'pling	mount'ain	con-tent'
blos'som	de-ter'mined	scarce'ly	per-se-ver'ing
con'quered	strength	dis-con-tent'ed	gran'ite
val'leys	gi'ant	pres'ent-ly	shad'ow

THE PERSEVERING POOL.

ONCE upon a time there was a little pool, a mere handful of water, at the foot of a great tree. It was very pleasant staying there, with the bright sun shining upon it morning and evening, and at noon the great boughs throwing their shadows on it.

2. But by-and-by the little pool grew tired of doing nothing, and determined to be up and busy. It was not discontented, but it knew that somewhere in the great, wide world there was work to be done, and deep down in its heart a voice seemed calling it to begin at once to make a way through the muddy bank that hemmed it in.

3. "Better stay where you are, little pool," said the tall tree. "Hard times the world's workers have. You will be much wiser to keep quiet and remain here under my shelter." But the little pool did not think so.

4. "You were made to stay in one place, dear tree," it answered, "to blossom and bear fruit; but God meant me to run away among the hills and valleys, to water the flowers, and give drink to bird and beast; and if I am content to lie here always, in the sunshine and shadow, my work will never be done."

5. "But," said the old tree, pointing one of its long green arms across the valley, "yonder is a great mountain standing right in your path. What will you do when you come to that?" "Work my way through it," said the little pool, bravely.

6. "Pretty hard work you'll have of it too," said the old tree. "Better take my advice, and stay where you are."

7. But the little pool did not hear the last words, for already it was working its way down the hillside, at first very slowly, only a slender rill; but by-and-by it grew broader, and gained strength, and went rippling over roots and stones.

8. It was pleasant work at first, for the way lay through green fields and valleys; but presently its rapid course was checked by rocks and hills. Scarcely were these conquered when, straight before it, rose up the giant mountain — the very same of which the old tree had given warning — which seemed to say, "Get through me if you can."

9. But the little pool had now become a strong, broad brook, and was not to be turned back. A long task lay before it, but it went to its work bravely, and never stopped until, inch by inch, it had found a channel for itself through the very heart of the granite mountain.

10. Then it went singing on its way, through field and forest, and by-and-by became a mighty river. Was not that grand for the little pool? Yet, had it been content to remain in idleness, it would never have been anything better than a handful of water.

11. There are some boys and girls in the world for whom this little story has a moral — boys and girls who make mountains of everything in the way of work and study, and do not even try to

get through them. If they are content to be idle very long, their brains will by-and-by become mere muddy pools, where not a single bright idea can find a place to sun itself.

QUESTIONS. — Why was the pool discontented? What advice did the tree give it? What was the reply of the pool? How did it get through the mountain? What should the story teach us?

LESSON XIX.

car-a-van′	ven′geance	re-tort′ed	ex-pe′ri-ence
smoul′der-ing	rec′om-pensed	as-ser′tion	mel′an-choly
in-grat′i-tude	pre-dic′a-ment	quoth	im′ple-ments
ben′e-fits	com′bat-ive-ness	ad-jur′ing	per-suade′

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A FABLE.

A MAN mounted a camel and rode through a little forest. He intended to rest in a place where a caravan had lately made halt for the night. The travelers had left their fire smouldering. The wind caught some of the embers, which blew into a thicket where a snake was concealed, and set the bushes on fire.

2. The snake was so speedily surrounded by the flames that she did not know how to escape. In her highest need, she spied the man of whom I have spoken, and begged him to save her life.

3. As he was by nature a merciful man, he said to himself: "It is true that these creatures are enemies of mankind, but it is equally true that good deeds are valued, and that he who scatters the seed of good works shall reap the harvest of gratitude."

4. After he had made these reflections, he took from among his effects a bag, which he fastened to the end of his lance, and held it out to the snake, which immediately sprang into it. The man drew her toward him from among the flames, and then, opening the mouth of the bag, he told her she might go wherever she listed.

5. He only requested that she would do no further harm to mankind after such a service as she had received. But the snake answered: "Think not that I shall depart in peace. I must first glut my vengeance on thee and on thy camel."

6. "Be just," said the man, "and tell me first if it is lawful to recompense good with evil?"

"In this," retorted the snake, "I am only doing what ye yourselves do every day; namely, return a bad deed for a good one, and repay with ingratitude favors received from others."

7. "Thou canst not prove this assertion," cried the man. "But if thou canst show me any one who is of thy opinion, I will believe all thou choosest to say."

8. "Agreed," quoth the snake, who saw a cow coming toward them. "We will inform this cow of the matter in dispute, and we will see what she will say to it."

9. The man expressed himself satisfied, and they approached the cow. The snake asked her how a benefit should be repaid?

10. "By the contrary," answered the cow, "if you follow the law that men observe. I know this by experience. I belong to a man to whom I have been useful in a thousand ways. I give him a calf every year; I furnish the house with butter and cheese; and now that I am old and can give him nothing more, he has put me in this meadow to fatten me, and very soon a butcher to whom he has sold me will cut my throat. Is not that returning evil for good?"

11. The snake here took up the word, and said to the man: "Did I not purpose to act after the manner of your kind?" The man was very much alarmed, and replied:

"One witness is not enough to convince me; there must be two."

12. "I will grant you this request also," said the snake. "We will turn to the tree which stands before us."

13. When the tree had been informed of the subject of their dispute, it said: "Among men

good deeds are recompensed with injuries. I am a melancholy example of the ingratitude of that race. I protect the travelers from the heat of the noonday sun; but they soon forget the benefit my shade has been to them, and they cut off my branches for staves and implements, and, with terrible cruelty, they saw asunder my trunk and make planks of it. Is that not repaying benefits received with the blackest ingratitude?"

14. The snake hereupon looked at the man, and asked him if he felt that enough had been done;—and the man was so confused that he knew not what answer to make. But in hopes to escape from the predicament he was in, he said to the snake: "We will ask the first animal we meet to be judge between us. Grant me this one thing more, I pray thee, for thou knowest that life is sweet to every creature."

15. While he was yet speaking, a fox came by; and the snake called to the fox, adjuring him to put an end to their quarrel. The fox asked to be informed of the matter in dispute; and the man said: "I have done yonder snake a great service, and now she wishes to persuade me that she is bound to do me an injury in return."

"She is right," exclaimed the fox. "But let me know what this service is that she has received from thee."

16. Thereupon the man related how he had saved the snake from death by fire by means of his lance and bag; and he held out the bag in proof of his statement.

17. "How!" exclaimed the fox, with a smile, "do you wish me to believe that such a great snake could get into a little bag like that? The thing appears to me impossible; but if the snake will creep in again, to convince me that it can be done, I can soon decide your quarrel for you."

18. "Willingly," cried the snake, and she immediately crept into the bag, and coiled herself up there. Then the fox said to man: "Thou art now master of thine enemy's life. Do not neglect this opportunity."

19. Thereupon the man tied up the mouth of the bag, and beat it so long upon a stone, that the snake was crushed to pieces. Thus it was that the fox put an end to the alarm of the one, and to the ungrateful combativeness of the other.

QUESTIONS. — Why did the traveler spare the life of the snake? What request did he make? What answer did the snake give? What was the testimony of the cow? What did the tree say? How did the fox settle the dispute?

LESSON XX.

rub'bish	dis-ap-point'ed	ab-sent-ee'	dis-ap-point'ment
care'less-ly	whit'tling	planned	ac'tu-al-ly
min'i-a-ture	fin'ished	dis-mis'sal	in-quir'ing
oc'cu-pied	hur'ried	post-poned'	re-treat'
com-mit'tee	un-for'tu-nate	o-bliged'	te'di-ous

PLENTY OF TIME.

"JOHN," said Mr. Gray to his little son, "do you see that pile of brush and rubbish over there? I want to see that all cleared away to-day. The brush you must chop up into firewood for your mother, and the other rubbish must be gathered into a pile, and to-night you may have a bonfire."

2. "Yes, sir," answered John, carelessly. He was building a miniature ship, and was wholly occupied with his masts and sails. "Remember to have it all done by to-night," said his father, as he rode away. "That little bit of work won't keep me long. I'll just finish this rudder, then I'll go at it," said John, whittling away.

3. How fast the moments slip by when we are not thinking much about them! John thought it would only take him a few moments to finish his rudder, and so it did, but, that finished, something else was begun, until John was surprised to hear the bell ring for school.

4. "Did you chop the brush, John?" asked his mother, as he flew into the dining-room after

his books. "No, mother; I'll do it at noon. I'll have plenty of time," said John, as he hurried off.

5. But John was unfortunate that morning. He had put off studying his lesson until just a few moments before his class was called. The result was, he missed his lesson, and was kept in at noon to learn it. When he had recited it perfectly, after studying nearly all the recess, he found he had just twenty minutes left in which to go home, eat his dinner, and get back to school.

6. No time for cutting brush, surely, but I regret to say that John had not once thought of the brush since he left home in the morning. That afternoon the boys had planned to go out in the woods after school to gather nuts. The girls, some of them, were going with them, and the hour for dismissal was eagerly waited for. John ran home to leave his books and ask his mother's permission.

7. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "the children are all going off to the woods to gather nuts. I am going too. I'll be back before dark."

"But, John, how about that pile of brush? You know your father told you it must be done," said his mother.

8. "Oh, mother! Can't I do it to-morrow? I'll have plenty of time in the morning. I'll get up

early, and do it all before school. Say, mother, won't that do?"

9. But his mother shook her head, as she answered: "I fear it will not do to put it off, John; you had plenty of time to do it this morning, but you neglected to do so."

10. John knew it was no use to talk any further. So he threw down his hat and coat, stamped his foot, gritted his teeth, and commenced to cry. Yes, he actually did all that, although he was eleven years old.

11. By-and-by he heard the voices of his schoolmates, and he knew they would soon be along inquiring for him. He could not bear to meet them. So he just picked up his hat and ran into the garden and hid in the branches of the old apple-tree.

12. "John Gray! John Gray! Ho, John!" called Willie Short, the leader of the party. John, from his retreat, could see them, but he answered not a word. Very soon he saw them all talking and looking, then little Minnie Lee went tripping into the house, a committee of one to look up the absentee.

13. "Please, Miss Gray, we're going after nuts, and we want John," was her message.

"I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Gray, "but

John cannot possibly go to-day. His father has something for him to do which cannot be postponed." She did not tell that it was John's own fault. So little Minnie went briskly out and told the result of her inquiry.

14. "Too bad! It 's mean, so it is! Mr. Gray might put off his something, I think;" and so the children talked as long as John could hear them; then when they were well out of sight he crept down out of his hiding-place and went reluctantly at his work.

15. It was not a hard task nor a tedious one; and if John had worked with a will, he might have done it all in an hour. But he was disappointed and out of humor, and so the work lagged. Then he saw a rabbit run through the garden.

16. "It won't take me long to catch it," he said, dropping the ax and giving chase. But it proved a "wild-goose chase;" for after watching and poking around the hole in the stone fence where he had seen it go in, and "knew it could n't get out," he was obliged to go back without it.

17. Then he thought of his father's promise of the big bonfire at night, and went at his work with a will. He had not worked long when his father came driving up to the door. John ran to meet him.

18. "Well, my son, if you have finished the

work I gave you, you may get your coat and come with me. Your mother and I are going over to the new mills to see the trial of the new flour-mill."

19. How John's heart sank, and how his face burned, as he said, tearfully: "But my work is not done, father."

"Then we must go without you," said his father. Mrs. Gray was soon ready, and John, with sad eyes, watched them drive away.

20. But he did not rave and stamp his feet and cry over this new disappointment, as he had over the first. He was not angry now; he could reason with himself, and he soon saw that he was himself to blame. He picked up the ax and went to work, resolving never to put off his work for anything again.

21. I hope he kept his resolution; but, remember, it is much easier to form a habit than to break it, and easier to make good resolves than to keep them.

QUESTIONS. — What was John Gray doing when his father came to him? What orders did his father give him? Why did John not do as he was told? Did he intend to be disobedient? When did he propose to do his work? What prevented him? What was the result of it all? What lesson may we learn from the story?

LESSON XXI.

thoughts	hum'bly	sol'i-tude	pin'est
cham'ber	pe-ti'tion	breath'ing	foot'stool
se'cret	Re-deem'er	com-pare'	kneel'ing

PRAYER.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the sun is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee;
If any such there be.
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love!

Oh, not a joy or blessing
With *this* can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.

When fears and perils thicken,
And dangers gather round,
When human aid is wanting,
And refuge nowhere found,
Then can we lean on Heaven
And gather strength to bear:
Where'er the tempest drives us,
Our anchor is in prayer.

LESSON XXII.

cud'dled	glimpse	cau'tious-ly	won'dered
guess	bu'reau	can'dies	chat'ter-box
sleigh	whis'pered	ex-am'ined	fe'ver-ish
naught'y	sur-prised'	pic'ture	ached
con-fessed'	an-tic'i-pat-ing	Christ'mas	de-ter'mined

DOLLIE DEANE.

DOLLIE was sitting in the bay-window, in the dusk, all cuddled up, with her pet kitten in her arms.

2. "To-morrow night, Pussy," said she, "I am going to hang up my stocking right close by the sitting-room grate, and old Kriss Kringle will fill it up full of beautiful presents. He is n't a *real* Kriss Kringle, you know, — it 's only papa and mamma, — but I like to pretend it is an old fellow in furs, and a sleigh, and all. Oh, dear, I wonder what I 'll get, anyhow!"

3. Just then Dollie caught a glimpse of her papa standing in the hall with his arms filled with bundles, and she heard her mamma say in a whisper, "Put them in the lower bureau-drawer, where Dollie won't find them."

4. Here Dollie leaned forward and began to feel a keen interest in the bundles and packages she was not to "find." "In the lower bureau-drawer," she repeated to herself; "I guess I *will* find them."

5. Then Something whispered to her, "But, Dollie, that would be a kind of stealing to go and *find* what mamma wishes to *hide* from you."

6. "No, it won't, neither," answered Dollie's self. "I'm just going right up-stairs to see, now;" and letting Pussy fall out of her arms in her haste, she went up-stairs softly, and saw through the crack of the door her papa busily opening parcel after parcel, and putting their contents in the lower bureau-drawer.

7. Dollie waited until he had finished, then she hid herself behind the door as he passed her on his way down-stairs. Very softly crept little Dollie into her mamma's room then. Very cautiously she opened the lower drawer, and her eyes danced with delight over what she saw there.

8. A beautiful doll, in pink satin; a little silver tea-set, like mamma's real one; a little blue locket and gold chain; a scarlet fan with a bird on it; a set of story-books, and great papers full of candies.

9. Dollie took out the doll and examined it all over, opened the locket and saw her mamma's and papa's picture, fanned herself with the fan, peeped into the story-books, and ate several of the candies before she heard the tea-bell ring and papa ask where his "Dollie Dumpling" was.

10. Somehow supper did n't taste good to Dollie; she was very quiet, too, and papa wondered what was the matter with his chatterbox. Mamma thought she looked feverish, and asked if her head ached. Dollie said, "No, she was only sleepy," but down in her heart Something was saying all the while, "What a naughty, little girl you are to have stolen a sight of the pretty presents your papa and mamma meant to surprise you with?"

11. Christmas morning came, and when Dollie ran down-stairs into the sitting-room where her two long, scarlet stockings hung up by the grate, her papa and mamma thought she did not look as surprised and delighted over her presents as they expected she would.

12. "What is it, Dollie? Are your presents not what you wanted?" asked mamma.

"Yes — but ——"

"But what? You don't look happy and pleased over them."

13. Then Dollie burst into tears, and between sobs and sniffles confessed how she had spoiled her Christmas by anticipating its pleasures in stealing a look at the happiness in store for her. "I thought it would be so nice to know everything, — and now I don't feel so happy," sobbed Dollie.

14. "Ah, Dollie," answered her mamma, "even grown people are like you, sometimes. They want to look ahead and see what is to be, when, if they would only wait and trust to the good Father, everything would be all right in good time. If blessings are ahead, we will enjoy them in due time. If sorrow, we will feel it soon enough."

15. Dollie thought her mamma was right, and she determined she would never spoil another Christmas by peeping in the lower drawer to discover the presents her papa and mamma would give to her in due time!

LESSON XXIII.

ca-lam'i-ty	a-pol'o-gy	plague	pas'sions
ac-qui-si'tion	un-nat'u-ral	mon'strous	wretch
en'vi-ous	e-mo'tion	av'a-rice	en-dures'

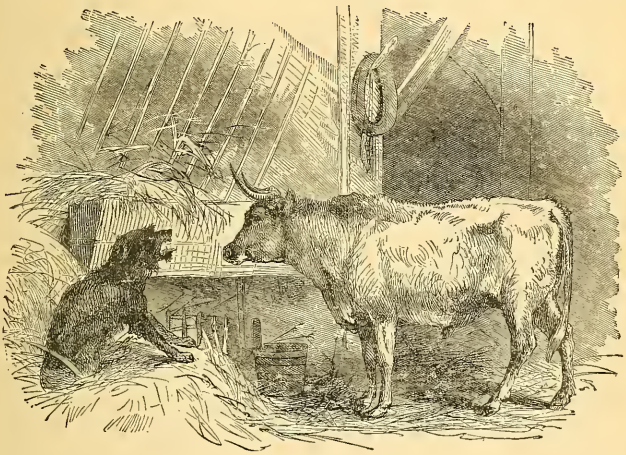
THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A DOG was lying upon a manger full of hay. An ox, being hungry, came near and offered to eat of the hay; but the ill-natured cur, getting up and snarling at him, would not suffer him to touch it.

2. Upon this the ox, in the bitterness of his

heart, said, "Wretch, thou wilt neither eat hay thyself, nor suffer others to do it."

3. Envy is the most unnatural of all the passions. There is scarcely any other emotion of the mind but may have something said in excuse for it; and there are many of these passions which, although they should not be indulged,



swell the heart, while they last, with pleasure and gladness.

4. But the envious man has no such apology as this to make; the stronger the passion is, the greater torment he endures; and he subjects himself to a continual real pain, by only wishing ill to others.

5. Revenge is sweet, though cruel and in-

human. Avarice is highly monstrous and absurd; yet, as it is a desire after riches, every little acquisition gives it pleasure.

6. But envy can never receive any true comfort, unless in a deluge, a plague, or some general calamity that should befall mankind: for the envious man will continue to fret as long as there is a living creature who is happier than he.

LESSON XXIV.

fel'low	ram'ble	seized	wretch'ed
whist'ling	for'est	gi'ant	com-pan'ions
scarce'ly	dis'tance	de-light'	fright'ened
vic'tims	pris'on	thirst'y	hun'dred

LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

LITTLE Dick,—what a gay fellow he was! He used to go about singing and whistling the whole day long. He was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad.

2. One day, little Dick thought that he would have a ramble in the forest, at some distance from his home. So off he set in high spirits, singing and whistling till he made the woods ring again.

3. At last he reached a clear brook that ran through the wood; and being thirsty, he stooped to drink. But just at that moment, he was sud-

denly seized from behind; and he found himself in the hands of a great, tall giant, a hundred times as big as himself!

4. The giant looked at him with great delight, and then put him into a large bag, and carried him off. Poor Dicky tried his very best to get out of the bag, but to no purpose. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear the bag; but the giant only laughed at him for his pains, and went on, holding him fast.

5. At last the giant came to his house, — a gloomy-looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in, he shut the door, and took Dicky out of the bag.

6. The poor captive now thought that his time was come; for when he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it two victims larger than himself roasting for the giant's dinner. The giant, however, did not kill Dick, but only put him into a prison which he had prepared for him.

7. The prison was quite dark, with bars all round it; and the only food in it was a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. Dick beat his head against the iron bars, and dashed backwards and forwards, and felt very wretched.

8. Next day, the giant came and looked at Dick; and finding that he had eaten none of the bread, he took him by the head, and crammed

some of it down his throat! Poor Dick was too much frightened to think of eating or drinking.

9. He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was. The poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat and tore himself.

10. The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing as he used to do, and be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he. But Dick was much too sad to sing. A prison is no place in which to sing songs.

11. At last the giant grew angry, and took Dick out to force him to sing. Dick gave a loud scream, plunged and struggled, and then sank dead in the giant's hand!

12. This is a true story. — Poor Dicky was a little bird, and the giant was a cruel boy.

Liberty is sweet to birds as well as men.

QUESTIONS. — What kind of fellow was little Dick? What happened to him as he stooped to drink? What did he think the giant was going to do with him? What did the giant do with Dick? What did Dick do when put in prison? Why did Dick not sing as he used to do? What was he thinking about? What happened when the giant took him out of prison?

LESSON XXV.

ad-dressed′	re-plied′	re-mark′a-ble	ap-prov′al
strength	tongue	punc′tu-al	con′science
as-cent′	dis-cov′ered	de-tained′	grat′i-tude
be-gin′ning	o-bliged′	ex-cused′	dis-ci′ple
cuff	re-ceived′	boast′ing	grist

NO PAY, NO WORK.

"LITTLE boy, will you help an old man up the hill with his load?" These words were spoken by an old gray-headed man, who was drawing a hand-cart with a bag of corn in it.

2. "I can't; I am in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed, who was hurrying to get to the school-yard, that he might play with the boys before school began.

3. The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill, to rest himself and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth, now far back in the past.

4. A tear was beginning to gather in his eye, when another little boy, John Wilson, came up to him and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load?"

5. The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and replied, "I shall be very glad to have your help." He then arose, and, taking the

tongue of his cart, pulled with all his strength, while John pushed behind.

6. When they reached the top of the hill, John discovered a rent in the bag on the under side, from which the corn was dropping out; and putting forth all his strength, he turned the bag, so that there might be no further loss of corn.

7. "I am much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school-house; "and may the Lord reward you." But John was out of hearing before the last words were spoken.

8. When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late; for which he received a mark. This was a very unusual thing for him, as he was remarkable for being punctual.

9. If he had told the master what had detained him, he would have been excused; but he thought it would look a little like boasting to do so. So he took the mark without saying a word.

10. When the school was out, Hanson said to John, "For what did you get a mark?"

"Because I was late," said John.

11. "I know that; but why were you not in time? I saw you at the foot of the hill, only a little way behind me. I suppose you stopped

to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist? He tried to stop me; but *I* don't work for nothing."

12. "Nor I either."

"Oh! you got a mark from the teacher. Do you call that pay for your work?"

"You don't know what else I got."

"*Did* you get anything else?"

"I did not do it expecting to get anything for it."

13. "Why did you do it, then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor old man."

"If you have a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing, you may. *No pay, no work*, is *my* rule."

14. *To be kind and useful* is my rule, John might have said with truth; but he did not say so. Nor did John really work for nothing when he performed acts of kindness.

15. In the first place, he had the approval of his conscience; which was worth something. In the second place, he had the pleasure of doing good; which was also worth something. In the third place, he had the gratitude and love of many; also worth something.

16. And lastly, and best of all, he had the

approval of God, who has promised that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

QUESTIONS. — What did Hanson say when the old man asked his help? Who gave him the help he needed? Why did John receive a mark from his teacher? What reason did Hanson give for not having helped the old man? What reason did John give for having done it? What was Hanson's rule? What was John's? What were the four things which John gained by doing acts of kindness?

LESSON XXVI.

mar'gin	stream'let	mal'lows
se-clud'ed	shad'ows	trails
quaint	dar'lings	voic'es

WILD FLOWERS.

IN the calm and pleasant valley
Where the violets love to hide;
'Neath the old oak's leafy shadows
Where they sweep the green hill-side;
By the margin of the streamlet
As it trails across the lea,
On the surface of the woodland pool
That shines so fair to see,
Bloom the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
The darlings of the Hours!

Oh, I love them for their sweetness,
For each rare and tender grace,

For the sunny joy they shed about
Each quaint secluded place;
The wild rose and the woodbine,—
Forget-me-not so true,—

The mallows with their glowing tints,—
The speedwell's eye of blue;—
Oh, the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
Sweet darlings of the Hours!

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In the calm and pleasant valley
  Where the violets love to hide;
'Neath the old oak's leafy shadows
  Where they sweep the green hill-side,
They speak to me like voices,—
  Yes, like voices from above,—
And they bid me praise the God that made
  Such bright things for our love;—
Oh, the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
Sweet darlings of the Hours!

LESSON XXVII.

an'cient	trav'el-ing	Di-e'go	be-lieved'
con'vent	friend'less	Is-a-bel'la	At-lan'tic
sur-round'ed	Chris'to-pher	voy'age	de-stroyed'
stran'ger	Co-lum'bus	dis-cov'er-y	ne'groes

THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

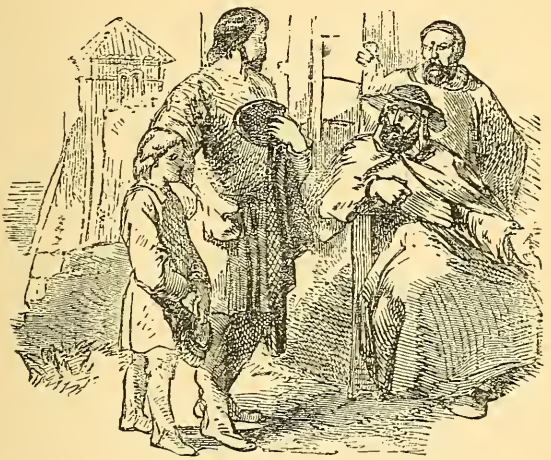
MORE than three hundred years ago, there stood near a small town on the coast of Spain an ancient convent. It still stands there, on a height above the sea, surrounded by a forest of pine-trees.

2. A stranger, traveling on foot, with a little boy, one day stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter to give him a little bread and water for his child.

3. Poor and friendless though he was, when he stood at the convent-gate, he afterwards became

one of the most famous of men. That stranger was the great Christopher Columbus; and the little boy was his son Diego.

4. Seven years afterwards, he was befriended by Isabella, Queen of Spain; and on the 3d of August, 1492, Columbus set sail from Spain with



three small ships, on the great voyage which ended in the discovery of America.

5. He wanted to find out a new way to India. He believed that the world was round, though few people knew it at that time. Columbus was not aware that there was such a country as America. He thought that if he sailed on and on, always keeping to the west, he would at last come to India.

6. Look at the map of the world, and you will see that, if there had been no such country as America, he would have been right. At that time, no one in Europe knew anything about America. So Columbus sailed into what was then an unknown sea. Many thought that he would never come back. On and on he went with his ships, not knowing where he was going!

7. For a long time there was no sign of land — nothing but the wide waters all around him. Day after day and night after night passed by. The men who were with him became alarmed, and tried to compel him to return. But he held bravely on his course, and would not turn back. At last the great Atlantic Ocean was crossed, and the ships came in sight of one of the West India Islands.

8. When the brave Columbus saw the land, he thought it was the India which he had come to seek. So he called it India. Afterwards, when it was found that this was not the country known before as India, it was called the West Indies, and the other India the East Indies.

9. When the people of the island saw the ships of Columbus, they were very much surprised; for they had never heard of Europe, or of the people who lived there. After filling his ships with treasure got from the natives, Columbus sailed back to Spain.

10. When the other nations of Europe heard of the great discovery of a new world, they wished to share in its riches. Many nations, therefore, sent out ships and men to try to gain possession of part of it.

11. The poor natives were not well treated by many of the people who took their beautiful islands from them. Their new masters used them so cruelly that they were soon almost all destroyed.

12. On the main land, too, both of North and South America, the Indians were driven from their hunting-grounds.

> Alas! for them, their day is o'er,
> Their fires are out on hill and shore;
> No more for them the wild deer bounds,
> The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
> The pale man's ax rings through the woods,
> The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
> Their pleasant springs are dry;
> Their children, — long, by power opprest,
> Beyond the mountains of the West,
> Their children go to die.

QUESTIONS. — Who was the discoverer of America? When did he set sail? Where did he mean to go? What did he call the land he reached? How were the natives treated by the Europeans who went out?

LESSON XXVIII.

cap'tain	Czar	drear'y	sen'a-tors
Rus'sian	non'sense	fu'ri-ous	fail'ures
Si-be'ri-a	pa'tient-ly	drenched	he-ro'ic
daugh'ter	ter'ri-ble	wretch'es	de-liv'er-ance
Cath'e-rine	eight'een	pe-ti'tion	ex-er'tions

THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.

A CAPTAIN in the Russian army, who had been sent as an exile for life to a small village in the north of Siberia, had a daughter named Catherine. She saw how unhappy her father and mother were, and she resolved to go to St. Petersburg herself, and ask the Czar to pardon her father.

2. When she told her father her plan, he only laughed at her; and her mother said that she ought to mind her work instead of talking nonsense.

3. But they could not turn Catherine from her purpose; and after waiting patiently for three years, she at length got her father to agree to let her go.

4. It was a terrible journey for a girl of eighteen to undertake alone. She had to travel on foot for hundreds of miles, through vast forests and across dreary, snow-covered plains. She had no clothes with her, except the faded ones which she wore; all that she had in her

pocket was a single piece of silver; but she had a brave heart, and unbounded trust in God.

5. She met with the greatest hardships and dangers on her travels. Once she was caught in a furious storm, at the end of a long day's journey, and had to take refuge from the wind and rain in a thicket by the way. This gave her shelter for a time; but long before morning she was drenched to the skin.

6. At another time, she feared that the wretches with whom she lodged were going to murder her, for the sake of the money which they thought she had. It was only when they found that she had but a few coppers in her purse, that they let her go unharmed.

7. Before her journey was half done, winter overtook her, and greatly increased her hardships; but some carriers with whom she fell in were very kind to her. When her cheek was frost-bitten, they rubbed it with snow; when no sheep-skin could be got for her, they gave her theirs by turns, and took every possible care of her.

8. At last, after a journey of eighteen months, she reached St. Petersburg. She stood day after day for a fortnight on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out a petition to the senators; but without success. After many failures, she was

fortunate enough to find friends who were able to take her to the Czar; and the result was, that the Czar pardoned her father, and allowed him to return with his wife from Siberia.

9. When the Czar asked Catherine if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied that she would be quite satisfied if he would also pardon two poor old gentlemen, who had been kind to her in her exile. Her request was at once granted.

10. Very touching was the meeting between the heroic daughter and the parents whom she had delivered. When she came into their presence, they at once fell on their knees to thank her; but she exclaimed, "It is God that we have to thank for your wonderful deliverance!"

11. But Catherine's health had been completely broken by her great exertions. She had bought her parents' freedom with her own life.

12. One morning, a few months afterwards, when the nuns with whom she lived went into her room, they found her with her hands clasped, quietly sleeping her last long sleep.

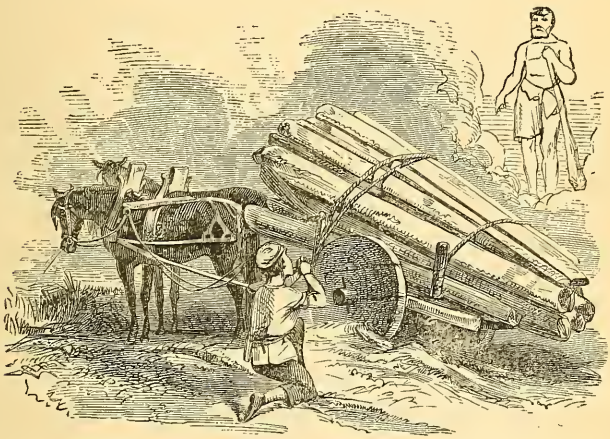
QUESTIONS. — What was Catherine's father? Where did he live? What did she resolve to do? How long had she to wait before her father let her go? What did she take with her for her journey? How long did her journey to St. Petersburg take? What was the result? What effect had the journey on her health?

LESSON XXIX.

Her'cu-les	a-bil'i-ty	per-form'ance	prob'lem
con'quer-or	as-sist'ance	ras'cal	E'gypt
clown'ish	mi'ry	parse	su-pe'ri-or

HERCULES AND THE CARTER.

AS a clownish fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay, that the horses could not draw them



out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to Hercules to come and help him.

2. Hercules, looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel, adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

3. Why ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let them eat your dinner as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating — he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done.

4. Do not ask your teacher to parse all the difficult words, or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Never mind, though they look dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from anybody.

5. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

6. Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class! He reads like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up after the first trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder as a superior.

7. There lies a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did the work himself has taken a stride up-

ward, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater efforts. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study, forever.

Repeat the fable of Hercules and the Carter.

LESSON XXX.

pig'eon	peace'ful-ly	spir'it	lan'guage
an'gel	doc'tor	flut'ter-ing	whis'per-ing
coo'ing	un-hap'py	soothe	win'dow

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

THERE was once a little girl, who was walking out in the shady wood near her home, when she looked up into a thorn-tree, and there she saw a pigeon's nest, with one white egg in it.

2. The egg was so round, so smooth, so beautifully white, that she longed to take it home and have it for her own, and was just going to do so, when she saw the pretty white pigeon come flying round her with a sorrowful look.

3. The pigeon said, in its own soft cooing way, "Little girl, dear little girl, leave me my one egg; oh! leave me my dear little egg! for it is my only one, and my heart will break if my tender mate comes back and finds it gone."

4. So the little girl looked first at the egg and then at the pigeon, and she gave a little sigh (for she wanted the egg very much), and then she put it quietly back into the nest and walked slowly home.

5. Not long after, this little girl's only brother fell very ill. No doctor could cure him, and every one thought he must die; so the little girl was very unhappy, and the long nights passed slowly and sadly, as she watched by the bedside; and the large tears ran down her little cheeks again and again, till her little face grew sadly thin and wan, and she could think of nothing else but her dear little brother, who lay there, so sick.

6. One evening as she was sitting in his room, in the soft spring-time, with the window open, so that the fresh air might come in and blow upon his poor pale face, she heard a little fluttering noise near her, and a beautiful white pigeon came and settled on the window-sill close to her.

7. When she lifted up her head, it put its pretty head against her soft cheek, and began to coo to her, so softly and gently, that it seemed to soothe her sorrow. Presently it said (all in the birds' language, you know — but somehow or other the little girl quite understood every word), "Little girl, dear little girl, I am the pigeon

whose egg you spared that day when you found my nest.

8. "I have come to tell you that last night I heard the holy angels whispering in the soft, still air, and they said that the Great Spirit is always looking down upon His world and taking note of all that goes on; and that he loves to see people gentle and kind and loving; and never lets a kind action go without its reward.

9. "And they said that because you were so kind and tender-hearted, and left me my one little egg, He would leave you your only little brother now, and he should not die!"

10. Then the pigeon cooed softly again, and the little girl kissed it gently, and it flew away into the silent night. And she turned to the bed, and saw that her little brother was sleeping, for the first time for many days, calmly and peacefully, with a sweet smile upon his face, as if the angels had been whispering to him too.

11. Perhaps it was so; but, at all events, from that moment he began to get well, and was soon quite strong again! And the little girl grew up to be a woman, and to have children of her own; and she often told them this pretty story, and never, never, could she forget the sweet white pigeon and the Angels' Whisper!

LESSON XXXI.

E-liz'a-beth	in-dulged'	o-bliged'	whole'some
Ra'leigh	del'uged	pois'on-ous	de grees'
to-bac'co	lis'tened	for-got'ten	veg'e-ta-ble
po-ta'toes	maj'es-ty	suc-ceed'ed	es-teemed'

RALEIGH'S TWO PLANTS.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two plants were brought to England, for the first time, by Sir Walter Raleigh, both of which are now very much used — the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter had sailed across the seas to America, in search of new lands; and he brought back both these plants with him.

2. When he was in America, he had seen the Indians smoke, and before long he acquired the habit himself. He became extremely fond of smoking, and frequently indulged in the practice. When he returned to England, he was sitting by the fire one day, and began to smoke.

3. In the middle of his smoking, the door opened, and in came his man-servant. Now, this man had never in his life seen any one smoke, and did not know that there was such a plant as tobacco.

4. So, when he saw the smoke coming from his master's mouth, he thought that he was on fire! He cried out in alarm, and ran to fetch a bucket of water to put the fire out; and Sir Walter was deluged before he had time to explain what he was really doing.

5. But very soon the old servant got used to seeing people with smoke coming out of their mouths; and all the young nobles of the court began to smoke because Sir Walter did so.

6. At first, people did not like the potato at all: nobody would eat it. Yet Sir Walter told them how useful it would be. The potato, he said, could be made to grow in England. He told them that, when the corn-harvest failed — which it often used to do — people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes.

7. Queen Elizabeth listened to what Sir Walter said, and had potatoes served up at her own table. There the grand people who dined with her majesty were obliged to eat them. But they spread a report that the potato was poisonous, because it belongs to the same order as the deadly

nightshade and many other poisonous plants. So, in spite of all that the queen could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.

8. The people did not find out their mistake till many years afterwards. The poor potato was despised and forgotten till the reign of the French king, Louis XVI., when there lived a Frenchman who had made a study of growing plants for food. He felt sure that he could make the potato a great blessing to the country; and he began at once to try.

9. After a great deal of trouble he succeeded. People laughed at him at first, and would not take any notice of what he said. But he went on growing the potato till he brought it to perfection. Even then no one would have eaten it, if its part had not been taken by the king.

10. He had large pieces of ground planted with potatoes, and went about with the flower of the potato in his button-hole. No one dared to laugh at the king; and when he said that potatoes were to be eaten, people began to find out how good and wholesome they were.

Questions. — What were the two plants which Raleigh brought to England? Where did he bring them from? What did his servant think when he saw him smoking? What French king encouraged the use of the potato?

LESSON XXXII.

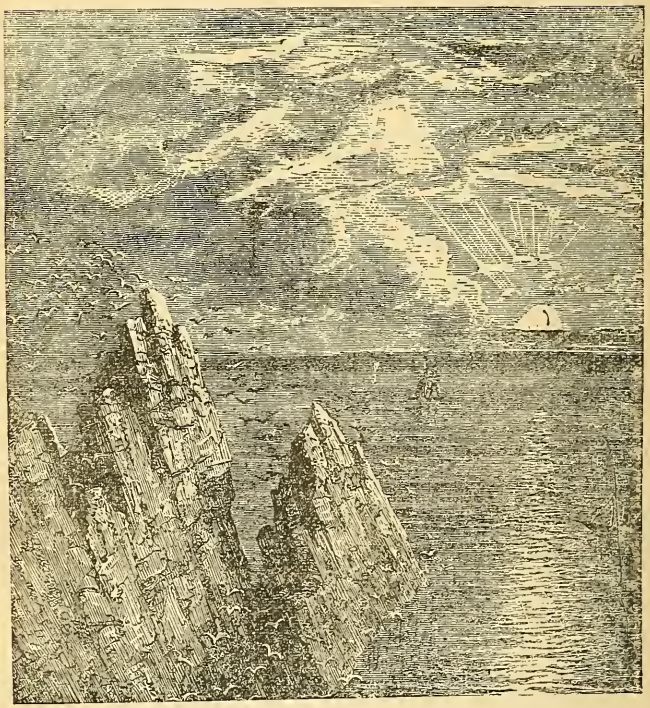
dimmed	glo'ri-ous-ly	twi'light	trem'bling-ly
streaks	change'ful	breathe	sil'ver-y
crim'son	still'y	sol'emn	Re-deem'er
un-chang'ing	e'ven-tide	kneels	hymn

THE SAILOR'S EVENING HYMN.

LONG the sun hath gone to rest,
Dimmed is now the deep'ning west;
And the sky hath lost the hue
That the rich clouds o'er it threw.
Lonely on the pale blue sky
Gleam faint streaks of crimson dye;
Gloriously the evening star
Looks upon us from afar;
Aid us o'er the changeful deep,
God of power;
Bless the sailor's ocean sleep,
At midnight's hour.

On the stilly twilight air
We would breathe our solemn prayer—
"Bless the dear ones of our home,
Guide us through the wild waves' foam
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where our heart's best treasure lies;
To the love in *one* fond breast,
That unchanging home of rest!
Hear her, when at eventide
She kneels to pray,
That God would bless, defend, and guide
Those far away."

Now the moon hath touched the sea,
And the waves, all tremblingly,
Throw toward heaven their silvery spray,
Happy in the gladd'ning ray;
Thus, Redeemer, let Thy love
Shine upon us from above;



Touched by Thee our hearts will rise
Grateful toward the glowing skies;
Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord,
Thou dost not sleep;
Still the tempest with Thy word —
Rule the deep!

LESSON XXXIII.

cap'tured	sep'a-rate	can'vas	tri'umph
pi'rates	cap'tives	soaked	launch'ing
Al-giers'	prep-a-ra'tions	tal'low	prom'is-ing
res'cued	ham'mer-ing	luck'i-est	com'rades

THE CANVAS BOAT.

PART I.

MORE than two hundred years ago, seven sailors were captured by pirates, and carried off to Algiers, on the coast of Africa. Here they spent five miserable years, during which they were treated not only as prisoners, but as slaves.

2. At length, they could bear their hard fate no longer. They had no hope either of being set free by their masters, or of being rescued by their friends. They therefore resolved to make their escape.

3. They were watched so closely, and kept so hard at work, that this was very difficult indeed. But any fate would be better than bondage; and the difficulties they met with only made them more determined to succeed.

4. Their plan was, to make a boat in separate parts; and to carry these to the coast, and join them together there. By good luck it happened that one of them had got the use of a cellar, in which to store the goods that he sold for his master's benefit. Here the captives met, as often

as they could, to talk over their plans; and here, in their stolen half hours, they made their preparations.

5. First, they made a keel, in two parts; then they made the ribs. They were afraid that if they covered these with boards, the noise of their hammering would let out their secret. So they got as much stout canvas as would make a double covering for their little skiff; and, in order to make it water-tight, they first soaked it in tallow, and then covered it with pitch.

6. As they could work very little at their boat each day, and often whole days passed without their being able to touch it, it was a very long time before it was finished. At last everything was ready, and they were in high spirits. When they had found a piece of cloth that would make a sail, they thought themselves the luckiest fellows in the world.

7. Secretly, and in the dark, they carried their boat, piece by piece, to a quiet valley about half a mile from the sea. Here they put the pieces together, and bore their boat in triumph to the shore. On launching it, what was their dismay to find that their tiny craft would carry at most only five of their number!

8. They cast lots to settle who were to be left behind; and, after a sad leave-taking, the little crew

set sail, promising, if they ever reached home, to make the case of their comrades known. The only provisions they were able to take with them were two leather bottles of fresh water, and a little bread.

LESSON XXXIV.

leaked	fam'ine	tur'tle	rug'ged
con'stant	de-spair'	ap-proach'	mount'ains
glit'ter-ing	crouched	re-vived'	dis-tinct'ly
scarce'ly	ghast'ly	strength	Span'iards
Mi-nor'ca	ner'vous-ly	re-turn'ing	me-mo'rial
com'pass	ho-ri'zon	de-scried'	skel'e-ton

THE CANVAS BOAT.

PART II.

THEY soon found that their boat leaked very much, and that it needed constant labor to bale it. Before they had been three days afloat, their stock of bread was spoiled by the salt water; and the fresh water had become stale, and hardly fit for drinking.

2. There was scarcely any wind to help them; and the labor of rowing with rude oars, under a broiling sun, soon began to tell upon the strongest arms and the stoutest hearts among them.

3. The island of Minorca was the place to which they had tried to steer their course, by the

help of a pocket-compass during the day, and of the stars by night. Five days had gone, nor were there any signs of land. On every side the glittering waters stretched away as far as they could see. Famine stared them in the face.

4. It is no wonder that hope died out in their hearts. They threw down their oars in despair. They crouched down in the bottom of the boat, their ghastly faces showing that the end was not far off.

5. Will Adams, their leader, was the last to give in. His hand still nervously grasped the tiller, and his eye was bent eagerly toward the horizon. Suddenly he called out, "Cheer up, lads! we have one chance more. Do you see that dark speck in the shining waters ahead? I am much mistaken if it is not a turtle."

6. Silently every man seized his oar, and settled to his work. They rowed very quietly toward the creature, and seized it before it was aware of their approach. At once they cut off its head and fed upon its flesh.

7. Hope revived in their hearts, as they found their strength returning. They plied their oars with all their might; and ere many hours had passed, the eagle eye of Adams descried a thin gray line stretching along between sea and sky.

8. Before night, they felt sure that it was land; and morning showed them the rugged mountains of Minorca distinctly against the sky. By ten o'clock that night they had landed; and "gave thanks unto Him who had brought them unto the haven where they would be."

9. The Spaniards supplied them with food, and treated them with the greatest kindness. The canvas boat was placed as a memorial in the great church in Minorca, where its ribs and skeleton were seen by a traveler more than one hundred years afterwards.

QUESTIONS. — By whom were the sailors captured? How were they treated? What did they at last resolve to do? What was their plan? How did they carry it out? Where did they try to go? Where is that island? Point to it on the map. What did they do on landing? What was done with the canvas boat?

O, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

LESSON XXXV.

plac'id	in-stead'	fright'ened	del'i-cate
mur'mur	hap'pened	si'lence	glis'ten-ing
hol'low	naught'y	mer'ri-ly	sor'row-ful-ly
won'der-ful-ly	thought'less	love'li-est	crys'tal
pu'ri-fied	mis'er-a-ble	el'e-gant	in'no-cent

THE FAIRY POOL.

PART I.

THERE were two little children who lived on the shore of the sea, and could always hear the waves when they beat against the beach, as if they were longing to bound over it and come leaping up into the fresh green country beyond.

2. They were fond of playing on the flat shore, and still more fond of playing amidst the cliffs and high rocks that came close down to the sea. There they would stay for hours together, and build little houses of shells and bits of rock.

3. Sometimes they would climb down as near the sea as they could, and sit on the ledges of the rocks, and peep down into the clear blue pools of salt-water which the sea left behind it after the tide had come up and filled the hollow places in the rocks and had gone back again at low water.

4. There was one pool which the children always called the Fairy Pool. It was wonderfully beautiful! The water was so clear that, although it was very deep, you could see quite to

the bottom, and all over it; and there were quantities of lovely shells in the Pool, and little fish that darted about from one side to the other.

5. They were little loving children; very fond of each other, and each trying to make the other happy; and one of their great pleasures was to go and look at their dear Fairy Pool together,

and count how many shells there were, because the old shells were often washed away by the tide, which brought in new shells instead, and left them in the Pool.

6. But one day it happened that one of these two little children was not good. She forgot that it is naughty to be selfish and thoughtless about others. She would not give up to her sister, but was cross and unkind to her; and then she felt unhappy, for people are never happy when they are unkind.

7. So she went out all alone to the rocks, and sat down near the Fairy Pool, and felt very miserable. Then she crept softly up to the Pool, and looked down into the water below, and started back directly in fright and surprise.

8. Instead of the clear blue water and the beautiful shells, she saw that the water was all muddy and thick, so that she could hardly see down to the bottom of the Pool; and when she strained her eyes till she *did* see, there was a great, ugly snake, that lay coiled up, and staring at her with its glassy, green eyes.

9. Then the child grew frightened, and drew back from the Pool, and sat down upon the rocks, and thought for a little while in silence. Presently she burst into tears, and sobbed as if she was quite heart-broken.

10. She had been there so often in the happy days that were past, playing merrily with her sister, without a care or thought of sorrow; and now all was changed! — the day seemed dull, the water in the Pool was thick, and everything was ugly instead of beautiful.

11. But as she sobbed as though her heart would break, she heard a little noise near her, and, looking up, she saw a dear little lady, not bigger than the doll with the wax face and pink cheeks and blue eyes that the children stop to look at in the toy-shop window.

LESSON XXXVI.

dressed	sobbed	friends	sit'ting
pret'ti-est	com'ing	hurt	mud'dy
lov'ing	chil'dren	a-gain'	bless'ings
al-lowed'	un-hap'py	fai'ry	dar'ling
sor'ry	crys'tal	sea'-weed	thank'ful

THE FAIRY POOL.

PART II.

THIS little lady was dressed all in green, with a little cloak of the loveliest sea-weed, and an elegant veil made of the most delicate scales of the prettiest fish; and through the veil you could see her long hair glistening with wet, as if she had just come up out of the sea.

2. "Little girl, little girl," said she, "are you sad because the Pool is muddy, and you can no longer see the pretty shells? That is because you have not been kind, and good, and loving to your sister; for it is only loving children who are allowed to see the clear water in the Pool."

3. And the little girl sobbed more loudly still, and said: "Oh, yes; I am sorry because I cannot see the pretty shells; but I am still more sorry because I have not been kind to my darling sister."

4. Then the lady smiled upon the child, and said to her, "If you are sorry, you need not be sorry long; see, here is your sister coming: run

to meet her, and be loving again before you look into the Pool. I am the Queen of the Fairy Pool, and I love to see children there; only they must be loving children."

5. Then the child turned round, and she saw her sister coming along, slowly and sorrowfully; for she was hurt and unhappy at her sister's coldness. And the child ran down to meet her, and threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, and they were soon friends again.

6. Then they walked up to the Pool, and there was the little green lady, sitting on the rock; and when she saw the children, she called them to her, and said, "Now, my darlings, look into the Pool."

7. And they looked; and there was no snake there, but the water was clear as crystal again; and once more they saw all the pretty shells, and the little fish, and the smooth rocks; and their hearts were light and happy again.

8. And the little Fairy Queen smiled upon the children, and told them always to love and be fond of each other, for that to love each other was the best way to teach them to love the good God who had given them to each other, and to make them contented and thankful for all the blessings He had given them.

9. My children, that clear Pool is like your hearts; when God looks into them, and sees them full of innocent thoughts, and of love to each other and to Him, He is pleased, and He will love and bless you. Pray to Him that your hearts may be purified, so that they may be clear and beautiful in sight, like the water in the Fairy Pool!

QUESTIONS. — Describe the Fairy Pool as the children first saw it. What change took place? What caused the change? What is the Pool intended to represent?

LESSON XXXVII.

neg-lect'ed	no'tic-ing	swal'low	chim'ney
be-liev'ing	troub'le	skim'ming	pun'ish-ment
pris'on-ers	de-stroyed'	un-will'ing-ness	ob-served'

THE SWALLOW AND OTHER BIRDS.

A FARMER was sowing hemp-seed in his field, when a swallow noticing it, called together all the small birds he could find.

2. He told them that when the seed grew into a plant, its stalks would be cut and beaten into hemp; from this hemp, he said, the twine would be spun of which nets were made, — the very nets used by bird-catchers, that had taken so many small birds to be confined in cages.

3. He advised them, therefore, to meet early in the morning, and by picking the seed out of the ground to prevent their future misfortunes. But the small birds would not take the trouble, either not believing his words, or being too idle to follow his advice.

4. After a short time, the swallow observed the little green blades of hemp above the ground. Once more he spoke to the birds, and told them it was not yet too late; they had but to join him, and the plants might even now be destroyed.

5. Still they were careless and idle as before, and said it was not worth while. So the swallow gave them up, and leaving the country, he flew to the town, where he built his nest every year about the houses, and lived in peace.

6. One day, as he flew down from his nest in a chimney, and was skimming along the street, he saw a bird-catcher carrying a large cage on his head; and in that cage were a number of those very birds who had neglected his advice.

7. They were now prisoners forever, and could never hope to enjoy the green fields and hedges, or to soar as they pleased in the fresh air.

8. He was sorry for them; but they suffered a just punishment, he knew, for not having attended to his advice, and for their unwillingness to take a little trouble, though they knew it might prevent a great misfortune.

LESSON XXXVIII.

um-brel'la	ri-dic'u-lous	weath'er	mes'sage
whale'bone	wretch	bois'ter-ous	crouched
tat'tered	gay'ly	whis'tled	shat'tered
frag'ile	mourn'ful-ly	whirled	tas'sel
par'a-sol	con-di'tion	but'toned	vex-a'tion

THE UMBRELLA AND PARASOL.

THERE was once a poor Umbrella, very old, and with most of the silk torn off its whalebone, so that it looked quite tattered and shabby, and of course felt low and out of spirits.

2. No more could it shield its master from the

rain and hail, or keep from his head the scorching rays of the summer sun; and so, like many a worn-out old servant, it was discarded; and being too fragile to be made use of as a walking-stick, was left to find its living in the best way it could.

3. One day it was leaning sadly against a wall, when a smart young Parasol passed by in a lady's hand. "Ha, ha!" sneered the Parasol, when it saw the poor fellow; "I never saw such a sight in my life! Why, what a seedy old thing of an Umbrella! It is n't of the least use in the world; and what a ridiculous object, to be sure, with its silk all torn off. I wonder the thing has the boldness to show itself in the streets!

4. "Now, look at *me!* Here I am, bright and new, white one side and pink the other, as delicate and pretty a creature as you 'd wish to see! Everybody looks at me and thinks how smart I am, while that poor wretch of an Umbrella is only fit for the out-house."

5. So the proud new Parasol tripped gayly on and the poor old Umbrella sighed mournfully; for he remembered the days when he, too, was young and strong, and could face the weather with the best of them.

6. In a few minutes a cloud came over the face of the bright sun, and the wind rose quickly, and

a great storm came up. The boisterous south-west wind came hurrying on and bringing the heavy rain with it; and as it whistled along the streets, and caught up the dust and the pieces of paper and whirled them with it, it drove the people into the porches and houses, and cried out all the while in its cheery voice, "Go home, good people, go home; seek shelter, seek shelter! I 'm coming to give you a shower-bath."

7. So the policeman buttoned his coat close to him; and the boy that was going with a message went faster and straighter than he ever did before in all his life, in order to get out of the rain, and everybody on the street looked out for shelter.

8. And the old Umbrella crouched against the wall, and, as he had no silk to resist the wind, the rain seemed to bathe his poor worn-out whalebone and shattered handle quite kindly and gently.

9. Presently he looked up, and saw a young lady hurrying by, and oh, what was that in her hand? Drenched, soiled with spots of mud, its pink half washed out, and its white dingy and shabby — can that be the proud young Parasol?

10. Yes, indeed it was; and as it passed the humble Umbrella it hung its tassel with shame, and hid its ivory handle in its mistress's sleeve for vexation. The shower had come on so suddenly that it had no time to be folded up. It

had tried to resist the rain at first, but it was no use, and in a few minutes it had lost all the beauty of which it had been so foolishly proud, and could never in future be more than a second-best Parasol at the very most.

11. Now, many Umbrellas would have jeered at the poor creature, and shaken their whalebone at it in an insulting manner; but our worthy old friend did nothing of the sort. He remembered his own condition, and felt for the poor young thing, which, like himself, had suffered from misfortune.

12. So he only looked after the Parasol, and shook his handle with a sigh of pity, as he thought within himself how very short a time anything bright and beautiful lasts in this world.

13. Let us never be proud of anything which we have, in such a spirit as to make us despise others. Never sneer at others, or say anything to hurt their feelings, seeing that we none of us know how soon we may be in misfortune ourselves.

14. Everything good that we have comes from the Master of all, and it is His will that we should turn the good which He gives us to the best account, and pity and help those of His creatures who have not so many of His blessings as He has thought fit to bestow upon us.

QUESTION. — What is the moral of this fable?

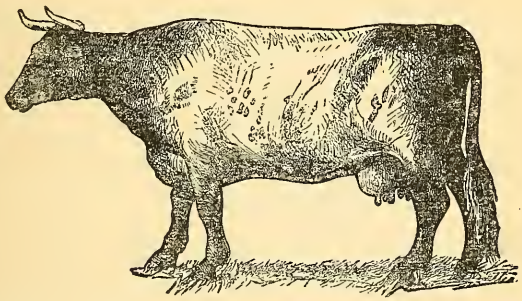
LESSON XXXIX.

cap'i-tal	pa'tient	fa-tigue'	this'tles
ref'uge	doubt'less	ex-changed'	in-crease'
re-spect'a-ble	ev'i-dent-ly	con-demned'	in-dig-na'tion
pros'pect	har'nessed	slaught'er-er	dread'ful-ly
un-for'tu-nate-ly	spurred	wad'dling	ex-haust'ed

THE DISCONTENTED COW.

PART I.

THERE was once a cow that had everything in the world to make a reasonable cow happy. There was a nice green meadow for her to walk about in, with sweet grass to eat, and shady trees to lie under in the hot weather. There was a



delightful pond at one corner of the field, the water of which was pure and good, which she could easily wade in when heated by the summer sun. Also, there was a capital open shed in which she might take refuge from a storm at any time, and a nice warm stable in which she slept at night.

2. Several companions, too, had our cow — some of her own race, a couple of ponies, that were very friendly, and a highly respectable donkey; so that one would have thought that no cow had a fairer prospect of unmixed happiness. But it unfortunately happens that those who have most of the blessings of this life are sometimes the least contented, and so it was with this foolish cow.

3. She had a restless longing to see the world, and would oftentimes bemoan her sad fate at being kept to one meadow when there was so much to see and enjoy outside it.

"Look," she would say to the donkey (who was always ready to lend a patient ear to anybody's tale of distress), "look at that flock of sheep trooping merrily by; they are doubtless going to the neighboring market-town, where they will see all that goes on.

4. "See, again, those post-horses, with a boy with a red jacket on the back of one of them — they also are about to see the world. And observe, too, those oxen; how they move slowly and with dignity along the road, taking things quite easily, and evidently enjoying their ramble; while I am kept close to this one field, and never allowed to increase my information by a ramble out into the world!"

5. Poor old cow! I suppose she did not know that the sheep would only see what went on in the market-town till some one came who would buy them, and then their lives and amusement would soon end together under the butcher's cruel hand!

6. Neither was she aware that the post-horses would be harnessed to a heavy carriage, and whipped and spurred and made to keep up a sharp trot for ten or a dozen miles at least, till they were nearly dropping from heat and fatigue, and would have given worlds to have exchanged her lot for their own!

7. And probably she did not think of what was going to happen to the poor oxen, already condemned to death, that would be taken to the slaughter-house as soon as they got to their journey's end, their heads dragged down by means of ropes fastened to their horns, and then stunned by heavy blows and murdered by the slaughterer's knife!

8. The cow only thought of her own complaint. And as the donkey, if he knew all these things, saw no use in talking about them, and was indeed not given to many words, and consequently said nothing in reply, she kept brooding over her sorrows, and at last grew to consider herself an extremely ill-used and unfortunate person.

9. Day after day she would walk round and round the field, longing to get out, and wondering what there was to see in the world beyond. On one side of the field there was a road, from which it was separated by a quickset-hedge, and, at certain places, this had got rather thin and worn away.

10. The cow got into the habit of rubbing against this hedge as she stood there bemoaning her hard fate, and in time she wore away a regular gap at one place.

11. And so, very early one morning, when she was at her usual employment, she felt the hedge give way before her pushing, and giving another shove or two, she burst out through the hedge, and stood, a free animal, in the turnpike-road. She at once determined that, as this was her first opportunity of seeing the world, she would certainly take advantage of it.

12. So finding the gate open one day she started off at a trot down the road till she was well away from the field, and then walked boldly forward, looking around her on every side to see what was to be seen. She had not gone very far before she met an old duck, with her young ones behind her, waddling along close to a pond by the roadside.

13. "Good-morning, Mistress Duck," said the cow; "I have come out for a ramble in the world. Have you a mind to come, too?"

14. "Quack, quack," said the duck, in her own language; "I have no inclination to ramble, thank you. I have a capital pond to swim about in with my family, I am safely housed at night, and well fed during the day. I should indeed be a fool, were I to wish to leave so happy a home."

15. The cow walked on some way farther, and presently met a donkey eating thistles by the side of the road as happily as need be.

"How do you do, donkey?" said she. "Will you join me in the ramble which I am taking to-day?"

16. "Had you looked at my leg," replied the donkey, "you would have seen that there is a cord tied to it, by which I am fastened to that gate-post, so that I am in no condition to ramble; and even if I were, I think I should prefer to stay here with these thistles. Thank you all the same, however."

17. So the cow left the donkey, and walked for some distance, till she came to a field with a wooden fence, close to which some sheep were feeding, to one of whom she spoke.

18. "Sheep," said she, "I am out for a real sight of the world to-day. What do you say to joining me? This fence is old and rotten, and with a good push I could easily make a gap for you to pass through: what say you?"

19. "I should be stupid indeed," answered the

sheep, "to leave this field, in which the grass is particularly sweet, and venture out upon a dusty road of which I know absolutely nothing. No, thank you, Mrs. Cow, I would rather stay where I am."

20. The cow made no reply, but walked on till she observed a hen sitting on the grass-plot in front of a small house.

"Hen," she said, "you may perhaps be inclined to see the world — that is what *I* am about; and if you wish to do the same, here is a companion ready for you."

21. "Indeed," clucked the old hen, "I am truly obliged to you for the offer; but I have been told by traveler friends that there are many dangers in the world, and that even foxes may be met when you least expect them. Upon the whole, therefore, I must say 'No' to your polite offer."

LESSON XL.

cot'tage	pri'vate	strayed	hum'ble
com'pa-ny	prop'er-ty	trudged	his'to-ry
de-light'ed	ac-com'pa-ny	an'i-mal	use'less

THE DISCONTENTED COW.

PART II.

THE cow began to wonder at the bad taste which all the creatures seemed to her to have; but she walked on, rather more slowly now, for the

day was getting hotter, till she came upon a cat, sitting half asleep, sunning herself in a cottage window.

2. "Mistress Puss," said the cow, "are you for a walk this morning? I am seeing the world, and shall be delighted with your company."

"What a bore these tramps are!" said the cat, as if speaking to herself, in a sleepy tone. "Don't stand talking there, if you please — this is private property; you must move on!"

3. The cow did not much like being spoken to in this manner; so she gave a moo of indignation, and left the cat to her dignity. After a while she came to another pond, on which were a number of geese, whom she also invited to accompany her; but they all raised their heads and hissed so violently, that she saw at once it was no use asking *them.*

4. Then she saw a black-and-tan terrier dog near a house, but just as she began to ask him her usual question, he ran out, barking and snapping at her heels, and saying in the dog language (which we all know to be Latin),—

5. "I should like to know who gave *you* leave to be roaming about the country like this! You are somebody's cow that has strayed, *I* know! Go home, you foolish creature; go home at once!"

The cow told him in her plainest moo that he

was an ill-mannered cur; but he only barked the more at this; so she worked herself up into a trot again, and he followed and barked at her till she had run for a quarter of a mile.

6. She began to get rather tired now; the road was dusty and hard, and there was no nice sweet grass or hay, as there was at home; and, moreover, she came upon no more ponds, and began to get dreadfully thirsty, as well as footsore and weary; still she trudged on till she came to a kind of green upon which some village schoolboys were playing.

7. I am sorry to say that these were rude and cruel boys, who, as soon as they saw the poor animal, set up a loud shout of "A strange cow! —a strange cow!" and began to pelt her with stones and mud, and to run after her with sticks. She was so tired that she felt as if she could not trot again to save her life; but when she felt herself struck by the sticks, she started off again, and at last got clear of her pursuers.

8. But the day was now far advanced, and she became more and more weary and worn. Then she began to think of her peaceful, happy home and friendly companions, and of kind John, who always relieved her of her milk, and saw her safe into the stable in the cow-yard every night.

9. She remembered all the home comforts of

which she had thought but little when she had them, and she felt how wrong, as well as foolish, she had been to be discontented, and knew at last how little there was to be got by going out to see the world.

10. She saw that the duck and the sheep, the donkey and the cat, the geese and the hen, had all been wiser than she, and she felt very humble and very unhappy. But it was no use feeling thus now; she was far from home — how far she did not know — and to turn back would have been useless, for she did not think she should ever find the way.

11. So at last, quite worn out and exhausted, she turned down a lane out of the high-road, dragged her weary body along as far as she could, and dropped down on the coarse grass by the side of the road panting with fatigue, her eyes heavy and glazed, her tail draggled with mud, her back bleeding where the bramble had scratched her, and her dry tongue lolling out of her poor parched mouth, longing for a drop of that cold water which she could see in fancy, but which she must long for in vain. There she lay bitterly repenting her folly, and expecting that nothing but death would end her sad day's history.

LESSON XLI.

ap-par'ent-ly	tru'ant	rec'og-nize	vir'tu-ous
ex-haus'tion	man'sion	lan'guid	af-fect'ed
cul'ti-vate	move'ments	con-ceit'ed	in-di-vid'u-al
sig'ni-fied	co'sy	re-spond'ed	ex-pe'ri-ence
im-per'ti-nent	con-ver-sa'tion	dis-po-si'tion	tracked

THE DISCONTENTED COW.

PART III.

MEANWHILE, you must know that somehow or other John, the farm-boy, did not miss this cow till the afternoon. I suppose he had a great deal to do, and was not much about the cow-field that day; but it was three or four o'clock before he found that this cow was not there.

2. He called her with his well-known call, but to no purpose. He hunted about everywhere, but in vain; and at last he walked all round the field, to find if there was any way for her to get out; and there, sure enough, he found the gate open through which the cow had made her way into the road.

3. There was nothing for it but to mount Brownie, the trusty pony, and set out to see if he could come up with the truant. So he mounted accordingly, and being a good, thoughtful man, took a wisp of nice fresh hay under his arm, in case he should find the poor creature half-starved with hunger, which he thought very likely.

4. Before he had gone far, he saw the duck

and her brood by the roadside, and, stopping his pony, "Duck," said he, "have you seen our old cow pass this way?"

"Quack, quack, quack," replied the duck; by which she meant to say, "I certainly *did* see a cow pass by early this morning, but I do not know whether it was *your* cow or not — how should I?"

5. So John rode sharply on until he got to the place where the donkey was tied to the gate-post.

"Donkey," asked he, "have you seen a red and white cow pass here to-day?"

"E-haw, e-haw," answered the donkey; by which he plainly signified that he had seen the cow, but, being unable to move far from where he was, could not speak as to her movements after she turned the next corner of the road.

6. On trotted John, and very soon came to the field where the sheep were feeding, by the fence of which he pulled up.

"Halloo, sheep," said he; "has a cow been along this way?"

"Baa, baa," said the sheep, meaning to state the whole truth about the cow having tempted them to break through the fence, and their virtuous refusal.

7. John now felt pretty sure that he was on the right track; so he pressed forward at a brisk pace till he met with the worthy old hen.

"Well, old lady," said he, "I've lost a cow; I wonder if *you* can tell me any news of her?"

8. "Cluck, cluck," said the hen; telling at once all she knew about the mattter; upon hearing which John rode quickly on, and pressed forward until he came to the cottage in the window of which sat the cat—now, as the sun was going down, about to leave her seat for a cosy place by the fireside.

9. "Puss," said John, "our best cow has strayed away to-day; do you happen to have seen her?"

"Miaw-aw," said the cat in answer, in a languid and affected tone; "really I don't trouble myself much about wayfaring animals; but, now you mention it, there was some such creature here a few hours ago, who intruded her impertinent conversation upon me."

10. John spoke no more to this lazy and conceited individual, but went on his way, and soon came to the pond, out of which the geese had just come, and were flapping their wings to shake off the wet before they went home to the farmyard.

11. To them he put the same question, and they told him all they knew in loud and apparently angry hisses, which they meant to be the most friendly greeting possible. On went honest

John, and soon arrived at the house where lived the black-and-tan terrier.

12. "Have you seen a cow, my good dog?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow," responded the dog; "aye, that have I; a very stupid cow, roaming she knew not where; and I bade her go home, but she would n't; and I don't know where she is gone to."

13. Then John urged his pony forward, and they came to the green; but the boys had all gone to bed, and were dreaming of tops and marbles; so he could get no news from them; and if he had seen them, I dare say they would have been ashamed to have mentioned the poor cow whom they had treated so badly.

14. So he pushed on and on, till he came to the very lane where the poor animal had turned down; and he was just going to pass it, when he saw the mark of the hoof of some large animal which had gone that way. So wise John turned Brownie down the lane, and tracked the hoof-marks along it, till at last he came to the bank on which our old friend was lying, panting and sobbing with exhaustion, and like to die of hunger and thirst. John jumped off the pony at once, and went up to the suffering creature.

15. "Poor old cow!" he said, "you have not gained much by playing the truant, I think!" and he took out his wisp of hay, and, looking round, perceived a pond in the field over the hedge. So he jumped quickly over and moistened the hay in the water, and came back to the cow.

16. She seemed to recognize his friendly voice, and gave a faint moan of pleasure. Then John gave her water, and fed her with hay and helped her to get up; and as he knew of a farm-yard close by, and it was too late to think of getting home that night, he drove her there very gently, and asked the farmer to give the cow and him a night's lodging; which he willingly did.

17. Next morning John gave the poor cow a good washing; and then they started, and went very gently home. As the cow passed the various animals which she had met and accosted the day before, she turned away her head, and felt quite ashamed, remembering how much wiser they had been than she, and how sadly her ramble into the wide world might have ended.

18. At last they reached their home meadow, and the other animals were very glad to welcome their old companion. She, for her part, moo'd aloud for joy, and visited each well-known corner of the field with a painful feeling that, but for the kindly care of John, she might never have

seen it again. And when some of the other animals asked her how she had liked her ramble, and what she thought of the world, she shook her head with a very wise look, and told them all that had happened.

19. "My friends," said she, "I have learned a lesson which I shall never forget. I was well off here: my friends were kind, my blessings were many. I ought to have been a happy and contented cow. Through my discontented disposition I nearly lost my happy home. From my sad experience I have learned that, in whatever station in life we are placed, the best plan is to cultivate a calm and contented disposition. We are not to fancy that others are better off than we are, and long for change, but should value the blessings which we have, and make the most of them.

20. Children should take an example from this worthy cow. "Home is home, be it never so homely:" do not compare it with other homes and think that they are more pleasant. Here are your best friends; here are the blessings which the good God has given you to make the best use of. He loves to see all His children happy and contented; and if you strive to be so, and to make others so too, He will guide you in the path which leads to those mansions above where all is perfect happiness and contentment.

LESSON XLII.

im-me'di-ate-ly	per-suad'ed	Je-mi'ma	o-pin'ion
a-vail'a-ble	par'tial-ly	as-sem'bled	nec'es-sa-ry
im-prob'a-ble	gen'er-al-ly	o-ver-ruled'	ab-surd'
gen'er-ous	ab'so-lute-ly	sug-gest'ed	ven'er-a-ble
af-fect'ed	cor'nered	de-pend'ent	anx-i'e-ty

PINS AND PIN-CUSHIONS.

A RESPECTABLE old gentleman once sat down suddenly on a pin-cushion, and, as it happened to be full of pins at the time, the results were exceedingly unpleasant. He flew at once into a violent passion, and vowed that he would have no more pin-cushions in his house, but would give immediate orders that every one of them should be thrown out of the window.

2. The news of this resolution, being conveyed abroad by common report, gave the greatest alarm to the large and respectable body of pins that had taken up their abode in the various pin-cushions belonging to the worthy man's house.

3. They lost no time, therefore, in calling a meeting upon the subject. Every available pin in the house attended this meeting; there were pins with heads and pins without heads; pins bent double with age or by human fingers; large scarf pins, and tiny pins that seemed too small to be useful.

4. Among the company, too, were a number of

needles, who all felt deeply interested in the question, not knowing how they might be affected by it themselves. No less than thirteen pin-cushions were present — from the large four-cornered pin-cushion, which always stood on the dressing-table in the nursery, down to the little round bran-stuffed pin-cushion which Jemima, the nursery-maid, always carried in her pocket.

5. When the pins, needles, and pin-cushions had all assembled, they placed a highly respectable pin with a gold head in the chair, and began to consider what was best to be done. Some were in favor of a united attack upon the old gentleman; but this was at once overruled as absurd, and likely to lead to no good results.

6. Some proposed that all the pins and needles should at once occupy all the pin-cushions, points outward, so that the hand which seized any one of them should at once drop it in pain. This course, however, appeared to have its difficulties; and equally so the proposal of a venerable darning-needle, that the ladies of the house should be asked to go in a body to the old gentleman and beg for mercy.

7. For, as maids do not understand the language of needles, and are apt to treat pins with a contempt akin to cruelty — dropping them constantly on the floor, and sticking them at random

here and there about their dresses, without any consideration for their feelings — it was evidently improbable that they could be persuaded to undertake the suggested task.

8. The furniture, generally, behaved very well on the occasion. The parlor sofa professed his readiness to allow pins to be stuck in his sides and back, if the pin-cushions should be banished; and the old sofa in the nursery made a merit of following his example, at which everybody smiled, knowing perfectly well that pins were stuck in him freely every day of his life, without his daring to offer the smallest objection. The arm-chairs, too, came out very well, readily offering their arms to any well-conducted pins who should be deprived of their natural homes.

9. The needles had some doubt at first whether it was worth their while to make any fuss about the matter, as they were only very partially dependent upon pin-cushions, many of them living like gentlemen in cases of their own, and being thus safe from any anxiety on the subject, even if pin-cushions were done away with altogether. One or two of them ventured to hint as much, but they were at once told by the better class that they were needles without eyes, and that a more generous feeling ought to prevail among members of one common family.

10. A pin without a head attempted to sneer at pin-cushions generally, remarking that whenever *he* had been placed in one, he had the greatest difficulty in getting out again, as his headless condition made him hard to see. He thought, therefore, that all pins should be allowed to lie about where they pleased, and that pin-cushions were of little use. This opinion, however, was so unfavorably received that the unhappy pin fell down upon the carpet, and was lost immediately.

11. After much discussion, it was resolved that, as nothing could possibly be done, it was better to do nothing. There were some pins who thought it absolutely necessary to do something, just as there are some people who never can let things go on quietly, but *must* make a fuss, and be up and doing.

12. Fortunately, however, the wiser pins prevailed, and, as they had had a good talk over the matter, they retired into their several pin-cushions for the night. And, in truth, it was just as well that they did so, just as it would be quite as well if people would sometimes leave things alone to right themselves without interfering.

13. For, to tell the truth, the old gentleman very soon forgot that he had ever intended to get rid of the pin-cushions; not a pin-cushion in the whole house was disturbed; everything went on

just as usual, and the pins and needles in that house lived as happily and contentedly ever afterwards as such sharp-pointed creatures can ever expect to live.

LESSON XLIII.

an'cient	mem'o-ries	joy'ous	whis'pered
hoar'y	dai'sied	frol'icked	crim'son
rip'pling	zeph'yr	gra'cious	moist'ure

GRANDPAPA.

GRANDPAPA sat in his easy-chair
By the ancient garden gate;
The breeze was lifting his hoary hair,
And the sunbeams lingered late.
The summer beams — they were flashing so
In his dreamy, soul-filled eyes!
And the rippling brooklet was chanting low
To his heart's fond memories.

The merry children were playing round,
Near grandpa's chosen seat;
Dancing that eve on the daisied ground
Were their tiny, restless feet;
And his thoughts went back to the days which were,
As the zephyr fanned his brow,
When, a joyous boy, he had frolicked there,
As the children frolicked now.

In thought he played on the grassy sod,
In the sunlight of the day;
And knelt to thank the all-gracious God,
With the last faint sunset ray.

Again at his mother's side he prayed,
And she whispered soft and fond;
'Till he thought of a mound in the church-yard's shade,
And then of the life beyond.

So grandpa sat in his easy-chair,
In the sunset's crimson glow,

Thinking of those in the country fair
Where the living waters flow.
And though his eyes were with moisture rife,
It was not the tear of pain,
For soon, in the land of endless life,
He would find his youth again.

LESSON XLIV.

in-hab'i-tants	mes'sen-gers	in-ter-rupt'ing
in-spec'tion	dis-tinct'ly	reg'u-lar-ly
in-dus'tri-ous	dis-a-gree'a-ble	weav-ing

THE RIVER AND THE BRIDGE.

PART I.

THERE was once a beautiful city which stood upon the slope of a hill; it could be seen from a great distance, and the fame of it was such that many people came from far to admire it.

2. One evening, a long time ago, a stranger came to this city. He had traveled a long way, and seemed weary, but he had heard so much of the city and its wise inhabitants, that he allowed himself little time for rest before he set out on a tour of inspection.

3. The more he saw, the more he was delighted. The city was as beautiful as he had expected, and the people were wise and kind. He resolved to remain in it for a time, that he might observe

the manners of the people, and how they employed themselves.

4. So he went about from day to day, and observed how industrious the men were — how they built houses and wove cloth, dug wells and made bread — and how the women spun and knitted, and took care of their children and of their houses.

5. He was pleased, too, to see the children going so regularly to their schools; and when their tasks were over, he often followed them into the meadows to see how happy they were, gathering flowers and playing about in the long grass.

6. "This town of yours seems a very good place to live in," he said, one day, to a man who was weaving a basket.

"So it would be," said the man, looking up thoughtfully, "if it were not for the river."

"What river?" asked the stranger. "I have not seen or heard of any river."

7. "Why, no," replied the man, "I dare say not, for it runs a little way out of the city, and we have planted some trees in that direction that we may not see it; you will not often hear it mentioned, for in fact we do not consider it good breeding to allude to it."

8. "But what harm does it do to the town?" asked the stranger.

"I do not wish to say much about it," replied the man, "it is a very painful subject; but the truth is, our king, whom you may have heard of, lives a long way off, on the other side of the river, and sooner or later he sends for all here to cross over.

9. "We shall certainly all have to cross before long. The king sends messengers for us; there is scarcely a day in which some one is not sent for."

10. "But are they obliged to go?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, yes, they must go," replied the man, "for the king is very powerful. If he were to send for me to-day, I could not wait even to finish my work. Sometimes he sends for our wives or our children, and the messenger never waits till we are ready."

11. "What sort of a country is it on the other side of the river?" asked the stranger. "Is it as pleasant as it is here?"

12. "The river is so wide that we cannot see across it distinctly," said the man; "and when our friends and relations are once gone over, they never come back to tell us how it fares with them there. But yet every one here is agreed, and the highest evidence confirms it, that the country across the river is a far better one than this."

13. "Well, then," said the stranger, "if the

country be so fine, I do not see why you should think it such a misfortune to have to go to it, particularly as you are to see there all your parents, and children, and friends who have gone there before you. Why are you so much afraid to cross the river?"

14. The man did not answer at first; he seemed to be thinking of his work: at length he looked up and said, "When any of our friends are sent for, we always *say* they are gone over into that beautiful country; but, to tell you the truth, this river is so extremely deep and wide, that I think it very doubtful whether many of those who have to plunge in can get to the opposite side at all.

15. "I am afraid the strong tide carries some of them down till they are lost. Besides, sometimes they are sent for in the dark, and, as I said before, the messenger never waits till we are ready."

16. "Indeed!" said the stranger; "in that case, so far from envying these people, I wonder to see them looking so happy and so unconcerned. I should have thought they would be very anxious lest the messenger should come. Pray, cannot your friends help you over?"

17. The man shook his head. "We have made a great many rafts at different times," he

said, in a doubtful tone, "but they all went whirling down the stream, and were wrecked."

18. "Then," said the stranger, "are there no ships to convey you over: must you needs plunge alone and unhelped into those dark, deep waters?"

19. "I am not learned in these matters," said the man, evidently uneasy, "and I do not pretend to be wiser than my betters, who generally think this a disagreeable subject, and one that we should not trouble ourselves about more than we can help."

20. "But if you must all go?" said the stranger. "I am a working-man," replied the basket-maker, interrupting him, "and I really have no time to talk to you any further. If you want to know anything more about this, you had better go and speak to that man whom you see talking to that group of children.

21. "It is his business to teach people how to get over the river, but I have not time to attend to him. I dare say, when my time comes, I shall get across as well as my neighbors."

QUESTIONS. — What is meant by the beautiful city? What is meant by the river? What is the country on the other side of the river? Explain the seventh paragraph. The tenth. The twelfth.

LESSON XLV.

in-quired′	breth′ren	dread′ful
am-bas′sa-dors	in-grat′i-tude	tor′rent
shud′dered	ven′tured	hur′ry-ing

THE RIVER AND THE BRIDGE.

PART II.

SO the stranger went up to this man who had been pointed out to him, and inquired whether he could tell him anything about the dreadful river.

2. "Certainly," said the man; "I shall be very glad to tell you anything you wish to know. It is my duty: I am one of the ambassadors of the king's son. If you will come with me a little way out of the town, I will show you the river."

3. So he led him over several green hills, and down into a deep valley, till they came to the edge of a whirling, hurrying torrent, deep and swollen.

4. It moved along with such a thundering noise, that the stranger shuddered and said, "I hope, sir, it is not true that all the people in the city are obliged to cross this river?"

5. "Yes, it is quite true," answered the man.

"Poor people!" said the stranger, "none of them can strive against such a stream as this; no doubt they are all borne away by the force of the

torrent. Do you think any man could swim over here in safety?"

6. "No," said the man, looking very sorrowful; "it is quite impossible, and we should all be lost if it were not for the bridge."

7. "THE BRIDGE!" exclaimed the stranger, very much surprised. "No one told me there was a bridge."

8. "Oh, yes," replied the man, "there is a bridge a short distance higher up; and by means of it we can pass in perfect safety."

9. "What! may you *all* pass?" asked the stranger, eagerly.

"Yes, *all.* The bridge is perfectly free, and is the only way of reaching the country beyond. All who try to swim over, or cross any other way, will certainly be lost."

10. "Sir," said the stranger, "if this be the case, I must hasten back to the city, and tell the people, that no more of them be lost in these swelling waters."

11. "You may certainly do so if you please," replied the man, "but know first that all the people have been duly informed of the bridge. My brethren and myself spend nearly all our time in telling them of it, but their pride is very great, — so great that some of them would rather die than use the bridge."

12. Now, when the stranger heard this, he wondered greatly at the ingratitude and foolishness of these people; and, as he turned away, I went up to the ambassador, and ventured to ask him the name of that city, and the country it stood in.

13. But it startled me beyond measure when he told me the name of that country; for it had the same name as my own!

QUESTIONS. — What is the bridge? Who is the king? Who are the ambassadors?

LESSON XLVI.

pur-su'ing	mo'ment-a-ry	land'scape
tran'sient	crumb'ling	pre-pared'

TIME.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'T is a hand's-breadth; 't is a tale;
'T is a vessel under sail;
'T is a bounding, straining steed;
'T is a shuttle in its speed;
'T is an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'T is an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;

'T is a vapor in the air;
'T is a whirlwind rushing there;
'T is a short-lived fading flower;
'T is a rainbow, or a shower;
'T is a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'T is a torrent's rapid stream;
'T is a shadow; 't is a dream;
'T is the closing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'T is a landscape, vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'T is a lamp that wastes its fires;
'T is a smoke that quick expires;
'T is a bubble: 't is a sigh:
Be prepared, O man, to die!

LESSON XLVII.

mi-rac'u-lous	fru-gal'i-ty	av'e-nues	hab-i-ta'tion
pres-er-va'tion	nec'es-sa-ries	tem'per-ance	a-bil'i-ties
ad-min'is-tered	hu-mil'i-ty	com'mon-wealth	op-por-tu'ni-ty

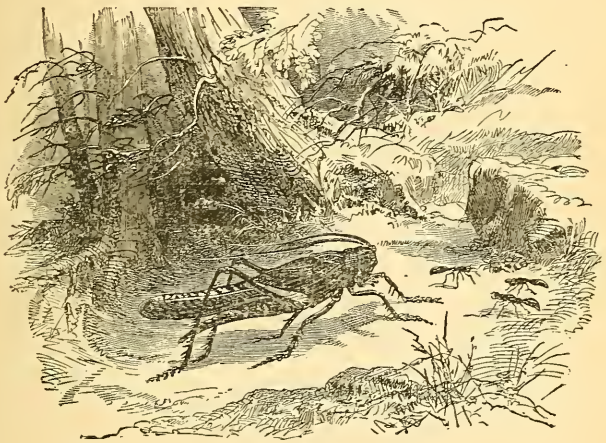
THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

IN the winter season, a commonwealth of ants was busily employed in the management and preservation of their corn, which they exposed to the air in heaps round about the avenues of their little country habitation.

2. A grasshopper, who had chanced to outlive

the summer, and was ready to starve with cold and hunger, approached them with great humility, and begged that they would relieve his necessity with one grain of wheat or rye.

3. One of the ants asked him how he had disposed of his time in summer, that he had not taken pains and laid in a stock, as they had done? "Alas, gentlemen," says he, "I passed



away the time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing, and dancing, and never once thought of winter."

4. "If that be the case," replied the ant, laughing, "all I have to say is, that they who drink, sing, and dance in the summer must starve in winter."

5. As summer is the season of the year in which the husbandman gathers and lays up such fruits as may supply his necessities in winter, so youth and manhood are the times of life which we should employ in laying in such a stock of necessaries as may suffice for the demands of old age.

6. From this fable we learn this admirable lesson, never to lose any present opportunity of providing against the future evils and accidents of life.

7. While health and the flower and vigor of our age remain firm and entire, let us lay them out to the best advantage, that, when the latter days take hold of us and spoil us of our strength and abilities, we may have a store sufficient to subsist upon.

8. Frugality is the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence.

QUESTIONS.— What did the grasshopper ask for? What question did the ant put to the grasshopper? What was the reply? What answer did the ant make? What may we learn from the fable?

LESSON XLVIII.

zeal'ous	sus-pense'	at-tend'ance	brill'iant
anx'ious	punc'tu-al-ly	vouch-safed'	maj'es-ty
peas'ants	sum'moned	af-fairs'	oc-curred'

THE KING AND THE JUDGE.

SOME years ago, there reigned in Bavaria a king named Louis the First. He was an active and a zealous monarch, fond of seeing to things for himself, and anxious that his officers and servants should do their duty properly by the people.

2. Now, in Bavaria, as in other parts of Germany, there were rural or country judges, appointed by the king. The duty of these judges is to hear the complaints of the peasants and farmers, to punish evil-doers, and to see that no one is wronged or injured.

3. When any peasant had a complaint to make, or wished for advice in some difficult matter, he had a right to apply to the judge; and it was the judge's duty to give him the help he required, and to set him right if he happened to be mistaken on any point.

4. But one of these judges was very fond of his ease, and disliked work. When a poor man came to him on business, he had a bad habit of saying, "He can wait!" and frequently men who had come from a distance were sent back without

obtaining any answer at all from him, and had to make the journey three or four times before their business was settled.

5. Sometimes, also, the judge would send for a person to whom he had something to say, ordering the man to come as early as eight in the morning; and though the poor man came quite punctually, he would be kept waiting and waiting in the outer hall for many hours, until it pleased the judge to attend to his business; and after all he was often told to call again, and sent home without having his affairs settled.

6. Now, the farmers and peasants did not admire this sort of thing at all. They could not well complain to the judge, but they grumbled among themselves not a little; and at last King Louis came to hear of the affair. He determined to read the careless judge a lesson; and accordingly gave directions to one of the officers that the judge should be summoned to attend his majesty at the palace on a certain morning at eight o'clock.

7. Great was the glee of our friend the judge when he received this command. He doubted not that some mark of the king's confidence was going to be bestowed upon him, that he should be honored with some favor. Accordingly he put on his very best court dress, all covered with em-

broidery and gold lace, and prepared to obey the summons.

8. At exactly eight o'clock our worthy friend stood in the ante-room of the palace. He sent in word to the king, to say that he was in attendance in obedience to his majesty's commands: the king had already given directions that he should be shown into a room by himself, and requested to wait there.

9. Each time the judge heard a door open or shut, he expected that he should be called into the royal presence; but he waited in vain. Only those who have been kept in suspense in this way can imagine how slowly the time passes under such circumstances. The clock struck nine, ten, eleven; and the poor judge became half mad with impatience.

10. At length the door was thrown wide open, and King Louis entered, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers and servants. He vouchsafed not a single glance, much less a word, to the judge, but walked hastily through the chamber and went his way.

11. The last who passed out after him was the court-marshal who had summoned the judge. The poor man waylaid this officer as he passed out, and respectfully represented to him that he had been in waiting ever since eight o'clock. But

the marshal only shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I am afraid you must wait patiently until his majesty comes back again." And he went his way with the rest.

12. The judge was once more left alone in the room. He heard the clock strike twelve, and felt uncommonly hungry; but he could not move to get anything to eat. There was nothing for it but to wait — wait — wait. The clock struck one — then two — and then three; but the king did not appear, for in fact he was out riding.

13. At last, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the judge was quite faint and weary with hunger and mortification, the door flew open once more, and the king entered. The judge advanced a step, and bowed repeatedly in the most respectful manner; but it was of no use; the king passed him by, and retired into his private room.

14. One hour more did the judge wait. Then the king came in again, and seemed to notice him for the first time. He came to where the weary man stood, and asked what was his wish.

15. "I have come in answer to your majesty's gracious summons," replied the judge with his best bow. "Who are you?" asked the king. "I am the judge whom your majesty sent for."

16. Louis seemed to reflect a moment, as if he was trying to recollect something. Then he said:

"So I commanded you to come hither at eight o'clock this morning?" "And I punctually obeyed your majesty's most gracious summons," replied the judge. "And you have been waiting here ever since that hour?" cried the king.

17. But the judge bowed lower than ever, and stammered out something to the effect that it was his duty as a subject to wait.

He now confidently expected to hear some gracious speech from the mouth of the king.

18. But Louis assumed a grave tone, and said: "I recommend you to take example by what has occurred to-day. It is no small matter to be summoned at eight in the morning, and not to have your business concluded till five in the evening.

19. "It is not so bad in your case, certainly, for you have missed nothing, and need have no anxiety about your daily bread; but the time of my poor subjects is precious to them; and yet you require them to be in waiting in your house early in the morning, and when the evening comes, they are still waiting in vain to get their business settled.

20. "If you do not become more active and punctual in the discharge of your duties, I shall not only deprive you of your office, but shall certainly put you under arrest." And with these

words Louis turned away and disappeared in the inner chamber.

21. The judge slept very badly that night, and he ate no supper before creeping to bed. But the men who attended his court next morning were quite delighted when they found how quickly their business was settled; and the king had never occasion to summon the judge to the palace any more, nor to reprove him for keeping poor people waiting.

QUESTIONS.—What do you mean by punctuality? What was the fault of the judge? Relate the story.

LESSON XLIX.

sol'i-ta-ry	feath'er-y	her'mit	fea'tures
ex-tin'guished	ad-ven'tures	rec-og-nized'	pur'ple
hand'some	em-broid'er	blos'som-ing	con-verse'
fra'grant	to-bac'co	cer'e-mo-ny	pres'ence

WINTER AND SUMMER.

AN old man sat alone in his hut, close beside the bank of a frozen stream. It was drawing toward the close of winter, and his fire looked half extinguished. His locks were white as snow, and he trembled in every limb. Day after day he lived solitary and alone, and heard nothing but the rushing of the stream which foamed along over the icy waters.

2. One day, when the fire was nearly going out, a young, handsome man drew near his dwelling, and presently came into his hut. The stranger's cheeks were ruddy with youthful bloom, his eyes sparkled with fresh life, and a pleasant smile played about his lips. He walked with a quick, light step. Instead of the feathery head-dress of a chief, a wreath of sweet fragrant grass adorned his brow, and in his hand he carried a bunch of flowers.

3. "Oh, my son!" said the old man, "greatly do I rejoice to see thee. Come in, and tell me thy adventures, and of the strange lands that thou hast seen. Let us pass the night in conversation together, and I will relate to thee what I know, and thou shalt do the same for me; and thus will we pass away the time."

4. So saying, he drew forth from his pouch an old-fashioned pipe, cunningly embroidered with figures, and wonderful to behold. This pipe he filled with tobacco mingled with fragrant herbs, and offered it to his guest. When the ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace had been observed, they held the following conversation:

5. "I blow forth my breath," said the old man, "and the rivers stand still, the water becomes stiff and hard as stone."

6. "At my breathing," said the young man, "flowers spring up out of all the plains."

7. "I shake my locks," quoth the old hermit, with spiteful joy, "and snow covers all the land; the leaves fall from the trees and flee away before my icy presence; the birds rise up from the water and soar away toward the distant south; the beasts of the field hide themselves, and the very earth grows hard as iron."

8. "I shake my locks," replied the young guest, "and warm showers of rain fall down upon the earth; the plants lift their heads shyly from the ground, and when they behold me, they shine like the eyes of children.

9. "My voice calls back the birds, the warmth of my breath unlocks the streams, music fills the groves through which I wander, and all nature meets me with rapture and rejoicing."

10. At length the sun rose. A slight warmth was diffused over the place, and the old man's tongue was silent. The robin and the bluebird began their song on the roof of the hut; the stream woke up to life, and murmured past the door; and the air that blew in carried with it the scent of growing herbs and blossoming plants.

11. And now the daylight betrayed to the stranger youth the real character of his host. Looking fixedly at him, he recognized the features of Peboan, the winter.

12. The latter saw that the time had come

when he must depart, and streams of sorrow poured from his eyes; but as the sun rose higher and higher, he shrank and shrank until he altogether melted away. Nothing remained on the place where his hut fire had burned but a little white flower with a purple rim, the first growth of spring in the northern plant-world.

LESSON L.

wag'on-er	des'pe-rate	har'nessed	stead'i-ly
ve'hi-cle	des-ti-na'tion	bruised	trav'ersed
im-pa'tient-ly	pro-ceed'ed	per-se-ve'ring	as-sist'ance

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.

"SHALL I reach Tournay to-night before the gates are shut?" asked a wagoner, who was driving an empty cart drawn by a pair of horses at great speed, of another whom he passed driving a similar vehicle slowly along a high-road in France. "Shall I be able to get there to-night before they shut the gates?" he repeated, impatiently.

2. "Yes, you 'll be in plenty of time if you drive slowly," replied the second wagoner; and he proceeded on his way, while the first drove rapidly by, exclaiming: "A pretty way to get to one's destination—to drive slowly and waste time on the road! No, no, that won't suit me! I 'll go as

fast as my horses can trot." And he shook the reins and urged his horses to still greater speed.

3. Meanwhile the driver who had given him the good advice proceeded slowly on his way. Presently he noticed that one of his horses had lost a nail from one of its shoes. "This will not

do," said the driver: "best remedy a small evil at once."

4. So he drove on as carefully as possible, lest the shoe that was clap-clapping in a loose manner on the road should fall off altogether. And at the next smithy he halted, and unharnessed the

good old horse from the wagon. The smith brought out his tools, and in a few minutes honest Ball's shoe was fixed on as tight as ever.

5. "Only a quarter of an hour lost," he said, "but we can move all the more briskly for the delay; so here we start again." Thus he went on steadily and perseveringly, and arrived at Tournay a full quarter of an hour before the gates were shut.

6. And how fared it with the other wagoner who could not afford to go steadily, lest he should arrive too late? Listen, and you shall hear.

7. He drove on, increasing his speed as the time wore on. Presently he noticed that one of his horses began to limp.

8. "Foolish beast!" he said; "who is to get down now, I wonder, to look after your ailments? If you have a stone in your foot, you may shake it out again as best you can. I cannot afford to wait for you to-day."

9. And he gave the poor horse a loud crack with the whip on the back, so that it gave a plunge, and stumbled on faster than before.

10. The horse began to limp more than ever. The stone was still there, and the hoof was becoming bruised and sore; but the wagoner would not stop a moment. But now a rough piece of road is to be traversed, surely our driver will check his speed here, and proceed slowly?

11. No; he only thinks of getting to his destination as quickly as possible. He urges on his horses; the poor beast who has fallen lame gives a desperate plunge, and, falling down, breaks the pole of the wagon asunder.

12. No thought now of reaching Tournay that night. The best thing to be done is to seek assistance at the next farm-house, and go in quest of a carpenter or wheelwright to mend the broken pole.

13. The wheelwright, when he comes, says that the necessary repairs will occupy at least twenty-four hours, and that he cannot drive his wagon into Tournay until the second day after the accident.

14. Then the driver wished he had taken the advice of his comrade, and made less haste in the first instance to get on; and he understood how much truth there is in the saying, "*The more haste, the less speed.*"

15. Young persons often fail to become thorough scholars by being hurried too fast in order to gain promotion. "Slow and sure" holds good in school as well as other places.

QUESTIONS. — Where is Tournay? What question did the wagoner ask? What was the answer? Show that the answer was a good one. Which of the drivers got to the city first?

LESSON LI.

av-a-ri'cious	for-lorn'	de-li'cious	pros'per-ous
ap-proach'ing	cot'tage	in-te'ri-or	sep'a-rate
ap'pli-cant	worst'ed	bus'i-ness	neigh-bors

HIDDENSEE ISLAND.

PART I.

IF you look at the map of Europe you will find the island of Rügen at the entrance of the Baltic Sea.

2. Close to it is a long narrow strip of island, separated from Rügen by a channel so narrow that it is evident that long ago they must have formed one island.

3. There is a pretty story about the way in which they were separated, and the story has a good moral.

4. It is said that in the days when these two islands formed one, there dwelt here two women, one on the present Rügen, the other on what is now Hiddensee Island. They were neighbors, but they seldom met; for one of them, who was called Dame Hidda, was a wicked woman, with whom no one liked to have much to do.

5. She never had a good word for any one; and when she paid a visit to a cottage, the friends whom she had been to see were always sure to miss something soon after she was gone.

6. Moreover, she was very avaricious and stingy, and in all the years she had dwelt at Rügen she had never been known to give anything away, except cold potatoes that had become mouldy and unfit to eat.

7. One day, when evening was already approaching, there came a traveler stumping along the road. He had been upset from a boat while fishing on the coast, and had consequently no baggage, and not even a hat on his head, so that his appearance was rather forlorn.

8. When he saw in the distance the white walls of Dame Hidda's cottage, he said to himself "Good;" and he repeated this three times over, and then he made the best of his way to the cottage.

9. He knocked at the door; and when Dame Hidda looked out of the window to see who was there, he made her a polite bow, and asked if she would kindly give a supper and a night's lodging to a traveler in distress.

10. "No, no," replied Dame Hidda, in a surly tone; "there 's nothing here for any poor travelers. I am only a poor woman myself, and my cottage is small, as you may see, and I 've hardly anything to eat for myself, and nothing to give away. Why don't you go to my neighbor yon-

der? She's better off than I am." And she slammed the window in the applicant's face.

11. Now, the traveler in looking through the pane had very plainly seen a good and plentiful supper smoking on the table — namely, a large dish of baked fish and a fine white loaf. The smell of the steaming fish was very delicious, and there was plenty for half a dozen people, though the covetous old woman was quite alone in the house.

12. So he went away, shaking his head and muttering, "Dame Hidda does not tell the truth." He next betook himself to the cottage the old woman had pointed out; but on looking through the window, he was at once struck with the shabby and poverty-stricken look of the interior.

13. "Here's bad luck!" he said. "I shall receive the same kind of welcome here that was given to me yonder. Well, there's no harm in trying." And he gave a modest tap at the door.

14. Dame Elspeth, who lived in the little hut, was seated in the chimney-corner, knitting away with all her might, with a large basket of coarse worsted by her side, when she was disturbed by the stranger's knock. She rose immediately, and went and opened the door, wondering not a little who her visitor might be.

15. "My good lady," said the man, "I am a

poor traveler who has been unfortunate. I am tired and hungry, and want shelter for the night. Allow me to come into your cottage."

16. Then the old dame pitied him, and opened the door wide, and said: "Come in, and welcome to the best I can give you. I have not much to offer, for I am poor; but if you can be content with a little soup and a piece of bread, they shall be heartily at your service; and I will manage to find you a bed for the night."

17. So she gave him her hand, and led him into her little room, where the stranger's wants were quickly attended to. The soup was thin enough and the bread was coarse; but it seemed to him as if he had never tasted anything so delicious as this meal which the old lady offered with such simple good nature.

18. When he had eaten and drunk, he slept quietly upon a couch of soft moss till daylight came; and in the morning his friendly hostess produced a baked fish for his breakfast.

19. "May Heaven reward you for your kindness," said the traveler. "You are a liberal woman, and deserve to be rewarded." He gave her his hand at parting, and added in a solemn voice, "A blessing on the first business you undertake!" And he walked out of the hut.

LESSON LII.

meas'ur-ing	min'ute	croak'ing	u-nan'i-mous
in-ex-haust'i-ble	knit'ting	lin'en	in-ex'o-ra-ble
hyp-o-crit'i-cal	trough	star'ing	won'der-ful

HIDDENSEE ISLAND.

PART II.

THE good woman wished him a prosperous journey, and went back into her little smoky room. The next minute she was busily employed at her knitting; for she was a poor woman, and had to work hard for her plain food and coarse raiment.

2. After a while she laid aside her work, and went to a box in the corner, whence she took a small roll of linen that she had spun and woven for herself. She took up this roll and carried it out of the cottage, to lay it to bleach in the meadow by the sea-shore.

3. "There is very little of it this year," she said; "scarcely enough to make me a few clothes to last till next season. I'll just see how much I have." So she went and brought out her yard measure, and began to measure the linen: "One, two, three," she counted; and she went measuring and measuring, on and on, and could not come to the end of the roll.

4. She moved the yard faster and faster, but it was of no use; the faster she uncoiled the roll

of linen, the longer did it seem to become; until at last quite a heap of it lay spread out before her, and still she seemed no nearer the end of her task.

5. Then at length she thought of the traveler, and of the blessing he had invoked on the first business she should undertake; and she understood whence this good gift had come, and was thankful for it in her honest heart.

6. She was still actively employed in measuring the inexhaustible linen, when a croaking laugh made her pause and look up. Dame Hidda stood before her, staring in astonishment at the linen heap.

7. "Why, what in the world is the meaning of this, my good neighbor?" she exclaimed. "Where did you get that lovely linen from? I never saw anything so fine in all my life."

8. "Guess if you can," replied Dame Elspeth. "But you'll never guess; and you'll be vexed when I tell you that you might have had it as well as I; for the stranger whom you turned away yesterday from your door was the man who gave it me."

9. Now, when Hidda heard this, she turned as red as fire in the face, for spite, and her pinched blue nose grew quite white at the end. She

answered not a word, but slunk away with an evil leer on her face.

10. "Stop a little," she muttered to herself. "I'll manage that. The man can't be far away yet, for I just now saw him go into the little wood yonder. I'll follow him up, I will!" And old Hidda gathered her skirts about her, and hobbled off as fast as ever she could go, to overtake the traveler who had gone into the wood.

11. "Hi! hi! stop!" she shouted, as soon as she caught sight of him in the distance. "Pray stop a minute, good man — stop a minute! I've something to say to you." The stranger paused, and waited to let her overtake him.

12. "Well, Dame Hidda," he said, when she came up, panting and groaning, and wagging her wicked old head, "and what may you have to say to me?"

13. "Lack-a-day!" cried the old woman, with a hypocritical whine, "I've been in such a state — in such a state! I've not been able to close an eye all last night for thinking how I had been obliged to send you from my door.

14. "But I have caught an amazing quantity of fish this morning, and want to make up for being forced to send you away. Come back with me — oh! pray come back with me — and you shall have as much to eat as ever you like."

15. The man smiled quietly, and turned back with her, without saying a word. Dame Hidda bustled about; and this woman, who had pleaded poverty the night before, brought out from her hidden stores such a breakfast that the table groaned beneath its weight.

16. For she thought: "If he gave all that linen to Elspeth for her shabby old soup, what will he bestow on me for the splendid feast I have placed before him?"

17. The traveler sat down and made a very hearty meal; and when he had satisfied his hunger, he rose and turned to go; but before he quitted the cottage, he gave his hand to his hostess, and said: "A blessing on the first business you undertake. Farewell!"

18. Now, this was exactly what the greedy woman had been waiting to hear; and she now sat down to consider what business she should first undertake. "I have it!" she cried out at last. "That will be the best!" And she jumped up so high for joy, that she almost overturned a pail of water that stood in the corner by the door, ready to be poured into the trough for the pigs.

19. "I have it! I have it!" she repeated. "I'll go into my room and count money. Only fancy, if there should be no end to that, and I could go on counting, counting, counting all day long!"

20. So she turned away to go back into the house; but the pigs, who had been watching her from their sty, and who were very sharp-set, raised a loud and unanimous squeak as a hint to their mistress that she was keeping them waiting.

21. "Ah, I'd better give those creatures some water to drink first," she muttered, "or they'll be disturbing me all the time I'm counting." So she seized the water-pail, ran to the pig-sty, and poured the water into the trough.

22. But what a wonder did she then behold! The water poured and poured out of the pail, and would not cease running. She tried to pull away the pail, but could not stir it; and the water kept pouring on, and on, and on. The trough began to overflow, and the poor pigs squeaked and grunted in alarm as the stream came splashing over the brim into their habitation.

23. Presently the sty was full, and the poor porkers perished miserably by drowning. Hidda screamed out in terrible alarm, but she could not stir the pail an inch. Higher and higher the water flowed; and now it came rushing out of the stable, and began undermining the house; the young trees were torn up by the roots, and washed away in the current that now steadily poured toward the sea.

24. Dame Hidda raved and shouted till she

was hoarse; but the inexorable water poured on. And now not a vestige of Dame Hidda's house remained — it had been carried, stables, outhouses, and all, down the roaring tide, which had deepened and become broader, till it had torn a piece off the island of Rügen, and made a separate island of Dame Hidda's ground.

25. The shock was too much for that avaricious woman: she managed to crawl to the house of Elspeth, who received her kindly; and in Elspeth's bed she died a few days afterwards. The latter had become a rich woman by the sale of her wonderful pile of linen.

26. When she told the story to the people who flocked to the place to gaze in astonishment at the new island, they said: "This is what we will do: we will call the new island Hiddensee, (the sea of Hidda) that every one may know how it was by the wicked Hidda's fault that this piece was torn from our beloved Rügen." And Hiddensee the island is called to this day.

QUESTIONS. — Where is the Baltic Sea? Where is the island of Rügen? Where is Hiddensee Island? Relate the tradition which accounts for its name. What does the word *Hiddensee* mean?

LESSON LIII.

sur'face	di'a-monds	es-tab'lished	ma-jes'ti-cal-ly
cav'ern	mon'arch	suit'a-ble	be-nign'ly
mourn'ful-ly	ex-pe'ri-enced	res'i-dence	mir'rored
gos'sip-ing	cam-paign'	ac-quaint'ance	swol'len
for'eign	a-byss'	dif'fi-cul-ties	mer'ri-ly

THE TRAVELERS.

DEEP under the surface of the earth, in a great rocky cavern, certain drops of water clung mournfully to the hard wall. After a time these drops of water began to whisper to one another. The whispering and gossiping amused them, and they never wished to quit the great gloomy cavern.

2. Once, after a heavy storm, some grand relations from the upper regions, who were seeking for shelter, made their way into the cave. Then the conversation became very animated, for the foreign visitors had many wonderful things to tell of the doings up on earth, and how much brighter and pleasanter it was to live up there under the beams of the bright sun, than here in the gloomy cavern.

3. "Up yonder you are not such poor downcast tear-drops," they said; "but beautiful and glancing, like pearls, or glittering diamonds, or sparkling stars. For the bright king sun, who rules over the earth, is a very friendly monarch, and very fond of us, and looks down upon us in a very kindly way."

4. Then there arose in all the drops of water a great desire to travel, and to become stars and diamonds under the gentle rule of that kindly monarch, the sun. They all began to run about in an unquiet way, and to knock against the rock, seeking a path out, and made a great outcry; and each thought he knew the best method to get into the open air.

5. But they did not succeed, for the spirit of the mountain was absent on a journey, and had carefully locked and bolted his domain. After they had toiled and moiled for a long time in vain, to the great amusement of their traveled visitors, one of the latter, a stout gentleman, probably an experienced leader, spoke as follows:

6. "My good little friends, you do not know at all how a campaign should be begun. If you do not all act together, you may remain down here forever. Close together—shoulder to shoulder—that's the way to get on."

7. Then they all came running, and formed one body, with the exception of a few who were offended at the bluff speech of the fat visitor, and of a few others who were too timid or too lazy to go. Still it was no small labor to find out the way to freedom. Often they lost themselves, and were obliged to turn back; and altogether they

had a good many troubles and adventures to go through.

8. Many a weak little drop, that could only go for a moment with the rest, fell down into the abyss; many another dried up on the way, or established itself in the hollow of a little pebble-stone, that appeared suitable for a residence. At last the main body thought they saw a sunbeam gleaming from afar like a guide.

9. Then they all rejoiced exceedingly, for they had never seen anything so beautiful before; and now they seemed transported into another world, and fancied they were becoming stars and diamonds. But what they took for a sunbeam was nothing but a glowworm; and they had to travel on for some time longer before they really saw the daylight.

10. When the foremost rank had at last broken through the darkness and gained the upper earth, the water-drops felt bewildered with rapture, and knew not what to say about the great, beautiful world; and it made them quite giddy to gaze up at the bright blue sky that stretched above them.

11. They looked at one another, full of joy, curious to see if they had become such proud, beautiful beings as were all the glancing dew-drops which clung around the flowers and grass-blades. But such a state of things did not seem

to have yet come about; for they had brought with them so much slime and dust from the old rocky cavern, that they could hardly roll onward.

12. But some of them were so much elated at having reached the upper world, that they immediately tried to make acquaintance with the flowers, and to talk with them and to stay with them. But the flowers were quite cross upon the subject; they disliked the unclean society, and complained bitterly to their ruler, the sun, of this rude treatment.

13. Then the dew-drops wept, and became home-sick, and thought it would have been better, after all, if they had remained in the old rocky cavern.

But suddenly a feeling of warmth thrilled through them, such as they had never felt, and they were sure that something glorious was going to happen. The bright sun was beginning to shine forth from among the clouds, although they were not yet clear enough to reflect his rays.

14. "You are welcome, dew-drops from the old rocky cavern," said the sun. "Continue your way manfully, and care not for the flowers, which cannot love you yet. Nor is it well to be always thinking of becoming stars and diamonds and pearls; but be content to work, and be useful in a work-day world."

15. Then the dew-drops felt much consoled; and they wandered away into the valley, past the flowers and the majestic trees, whose branches waved majestically in the morning breeze. Still they had many difficulties to overcome. But whenever the sun looked benignly down upon them, they felt quite strong and brave.

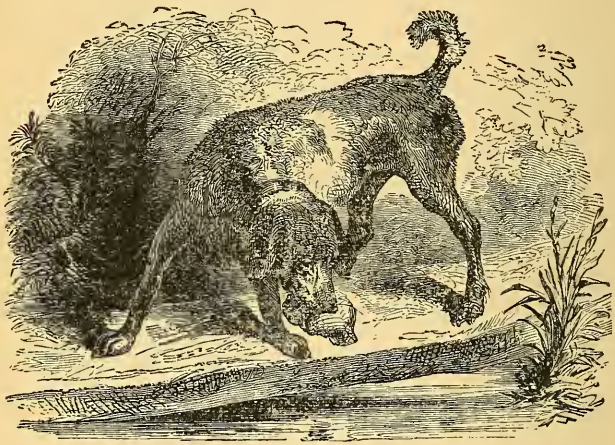
16. The sun sent them new strength sometimes in the shape of morning and evening dew, sometimes in refreshing rain. And gradually those dew-drops formed part of a brook that ran merrily through the valley, and by whose banks the children loitered as they returned home in the cool of the evening. The more the little brook swelled, the more brightly and gloriously were the sky, sun, and stars mirrored therein.

17. And when the water-drops had swollen into a great stream, they no longer thought of their own beauty, but only how they should mirror the majesty of the sun, and how they should be useful and rejoice the earth; till at last, uniting with the ocean, the grand stream that had begun in the little dew-drops of the mountain cavern, carried noble ships upon its bosom toward foreign lands, and, like the sun, diffused life and happiness through the world.

QUESTIONS.—What induced the water-drops to leave the cavern? Did they all reach the surface? What did the sun say to them?

LESSON LIV.

im-me'di-ate-ly	ap'pe-tite	do-min'ions	per-ni'cious
en-croach'ments	lim'pid	ex-trem'ity	in-sa'ti-a-ble
ter'ri-to-ries	mon'archs	mir'ror	lux'u-ry



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A DOG, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream.

2. He thought it was another dog who was carrying another piece of flesh, and he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting anything, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was lost.

3. He that grasps at more than belongs to him justly deserves to lose what he has. Yet nothing

is more common, and more pernicious, than this selfish principle. It prevails from the king to the peasant; and all orders of men are, more or less, infected with it.

4. Great monarchs have been induced to grasp at the dominions of their neighbors; not that they wanted anything more to feed their luxury, but to gratify their insatiable appetite for glory.

5. He that thinks he sees another's estate in a pack of cards, or a box and dice, and ventures his own in the pursuit of it, should not repine if he finds himself a beggar in the end.

6. We have an old proverb, which expresses, in other words, one of the morals that may be drawn from this fable: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! work apace,
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

QUESTIONS. — Relate the fable in your own words. Repeat the proverb which expresses the same idea.

LESSON LV.

thresh'old	mur'mur	tri'umph
shad'ow	deep'ened	e-clipse'
por'tal	con'quered	trem'bling

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

IN that home was joy and sorrow, where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing near unto the gates of death;
His feeble pulse was failing and his eye was growing dim,—.
He was standing on the threshold when they brought the babe to him:
While to murmur forth a blessing on the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it, pressed it to his lips—and died!
An awful darkness resteth on the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming in!

Going out unto the triumph, coming in unto the fight:
Coming in unto the darkness, going out unto the light,—
Although the shadow deepened in the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal with a blessing on his lips:
And to him who bravely conquers as he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying, death is but the gate of life.
Yet awful darkness resteth on the path we all begin,
When we meet upon the threshold—Going out and Coming in.

LESSON LVI.

nec'es-sa-ry	con-demned'	thor'ough-fares	rar'i-ty
con'quer-or	en-thu-si-ast'ic	ban'quet	in-tent'ly
te'di-ous	dis-ap-point'ment	pre-tend'ed	cour'te-sy
lin'gered	me-men'tos	sor'rel	ech'oed
dis-con-cert'ed	o-ver-bur'dened	in-jus'tice	em'pha-sis

A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

DURING the whole of one of the hottest days of the summer, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway-car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

2. It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old. But the mother's face was one which gave you a sense of rest to look upon — it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children — two boys and two girls — were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

3. They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the

oldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

4. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the graces of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence — just the shade of a cloud.

5. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each." "Oh, give Annie the orange; Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

6. "Oh, yes; let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old. "Yes; Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apples, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly.

7. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Annie pretended to want

apple, and exchanged thin, golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins. As I sat watching her intently, she sprang over to me saying: "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled understandingly, when I said: "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

8. At noon, we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelled of heat. The oldest boy held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested.

9. The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother.

10. "Oh, dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! She never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

11. "Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you are! Poor, hot, tired little flowers — how thirsty they look! If they will only keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy

in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

12. She took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy: "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

13. Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa is n't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

14. In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after, I passed the little group, standing still, just outside the station, and heard the mother say: "Oh, my

darlings, I have forgotten your pretty flowers. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them, if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?" "Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

15. "Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementos of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said: "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

16. "They will *never* die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

17. As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Would n't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again." "Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

18. They are sure of their "next summers," I

think, all six of those souls — children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. Heaven bless them all, wherever they are!

QUESTIONS. — Where had the mother and her children been? Where were they going? How were the apples and the orange divided? How did the children employ themselves when they were waiting at the station? What became of these flowers? What is a *memento?*

LESSON LVII.

lin'ger-er	mon'arch	feath'er-y	glad'dened
sol'emn	ar-cades'	va'por	peas'ant
lat'tice	aisle	tro'phies	molt'en
hum'blest	scat'ter-est	wil'der-ness	twi'light

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea: —
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

2. Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

3. To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

4. I looked on the mountains, — a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth, — and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

5. I looked on the peasant's lowly cot, —
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot; —
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

6. To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy lamp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

7. Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day,
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

8. And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

9. Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven!

LESSON LVIII.

com'fort-a-ble	mul'ti-plied	earth'quake	con-tri'van-ces
la-bo'ri-ous	an'ces-tors	pa'tri-arch	gov'ern-ment
sim-plic'i-ty	civ-il-i-za'tion	in'ter-est-ed	re-mote'

THE DAYS OF OLD.

PART I.

WE use so many things every day which we could not make for ourselves, and of which we could not even tell how, or by whom, they are made, that we are apt to think that they have existed in all times, and that they were always ready to be bought in shops or markets.

2. We forget that many of these things which make our lives more comfortable, and without which we do not think we could now live, have only been made after much thought and labor on the part of those who came before us. They form a link between ourselves and our remote ancestors, and ought to make us feel grateful to those who toiled for our good in the Days of Old.

3. When first you learned to know that there were men who long before our day lived, and worked, and had happiness and sorrow in their lives, just as we have, it must have made the world seem larger to you. But perhaps you thought of these days only as the times about which you have read in the early history of our own and other countries.

4. You knew that men were more lawless, and perhaps more fond of fighting than they are in our own time; that their houses were less comfortable, and that they could not move so quickly from place to place. But even then people had begun to write histories, in which we are told of the doings of the time.

5. Sometimes we are not sure how far the histories are quite true, because the men who wrote them, as well as those who read them, were simple and easily misled; and they often trusted to what we know to be mere fable as if it were matter of fact.

6. Still, these histories are a guide to us in these old times, and they tell us something of the way in which men then lived. But you must know that we had ancestors long before these times, who are just as much our fathers.

7. They, like the others, had their joys and their sorrows, and they were just as interested in their own lives, and just as eager and laborious in their own designs, as we are in ours.

8. Their lives were like those of the savages now to be met with in the countries most remote from civilization. They had hardly any contrivances to make life comfortable.

9. They could not write or read, and as they could only move a little way from their own

coasts, they could not know much of those who dwelt in other countries. They were like children in simplicity, and feared the earthquake, or a storm, a thunderbolt, or a flash of lightning, as though it were the voice of some god.

10. They had no settled government; but very early they began to live together in families. The father, or head of the family, ruled his household, and as the family grew and multiplied, the members of it still remained together.

11. The father of the family at last came to be the ruler of a great tribe or kinship, and he was sometimes called a Patriarch. Thus the bond of the family, from which even at this day we all draw our strongest feelings, was the source of all government.

12. Though they were men like ourselves, yet how different must everything have appeared to these remote ancestors! They had no books; all times before their own were unknown to them; they could not move far from their own country; they must have had little hope for the future; they could do little to make the world richer or better after their death than it had been before.

13. Even the earth was different; there were great forests where now there are cities and smiling plains; vast swamps where there are now ploughed fields, and valleys and hills where there

are now seas covered with ships, that carry the products of each country to other lands.

QUESTIONS. — How did the men of the "days of old" differ from men of the present day? How do we know anything about them? Are the histories *quite* true? Why not? What is a savage? What is a patriarch?

LESSON LIX.

lan'guages	di-verge'	in'stru-ments	an'cient
sep'a-rate	mi-gra'tions	con-ven'ient	dif'fer-ent
grad'u-al-ly	rem'nants	an'ces-tors	cen'tu-ries

THE DAYS OF OLD.

PART II.

HOW, then, as we have no histories to tell us of these times, do we know that men lived then? or how do we know anything of their state?

2. In the first place, when we consider the languages that we use in speaking to one another, we see that they must have taken a long time to come to their present shape.

3. We find, by studying different languages, that there are connections between certain among them. We see, then, that there was probably some connection, at some time or other, between

the people who use these languages, though they are now separate.

4. After the parent language was broken up, then the different branches of it would gradually diverge more and more from one another. If we find that history tells us nothing of a time when the races between which we find this connection were united, then we must suppose that the time when they were one was before history began to be written.

5. We must reckon very many years, and even generations, for the migrations to have taken place: before, for instance, our own race could have passed all the way from Asia (where we know they must at one time have been) to the extreme west of Europe. Even this is almost a matter of history; but earlier migrations must have taken place, so that in this we have one proof of the length of man's age on earth.

6. Another proof may be taken from the remnants which are to be found of an earlier state of life than any of which we hear in history. In old tombs and mounds there have been instruments of flint dug up. These show us that there must have been a race of men who had not learned to make instruments of iron; because iron instruments are so much more convenient and useful, that no one would continue to use flint instruments when he could get iron.

7. But as long as men have been able to write, or to leave records of their times, they have used iron instruments; so that long before history can give us light, we find these remnants to tell us something of our remote ancestors.

8. Another still more important proof is given to us. In some places we find, buried deep in the soil, the bones of animals which have not existed for ages in our land. Mixed up with these bones we find those instruments of flint which we know to have been used by men in very ancient times.

9. Now we can tell that no one would take the trouble to bury a mass of bones of animals, loosely heaped together with flint instruments. The soil must have gradually gathered over them, and buried them deep under ground.

10. This might happen through some flood or overflow of water, and would probably be the work of centuries. But besides this, we find the whole covered over with a coating of lime, which must have taken thousands of years to form, and which has hardened into stone.

11. So all these remains of animals and of men once living on this earth, and seeing the sunshine and the clouds, and working and struggling, doing right and wrong as men do now, have been hidden away for centuries in the bosom

of the earth, and have come forth now to tell us the story of our fathers.

QUESTIONS. — How do we know that men lived in the ages before those which histories record? From what part of the world did our most remote ancestors come? What is proved by the old flint instruments?

LESSON LX.

dam'ask	brit'tle	sub'ject	qua'ver
shut'tle	dis-solves'	bub'ble	breath
jour'ney	con-sumes'	as-cend'ed	with'ers
gourd	light'ning	pearl'y	shad'ow

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man — he dies.

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,

Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of water flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

LESSON LXI.

im-plic'it	ter'ri-ble	beck'oned	stub'born
con'scious-ness	quailed	ad'verse	haunt'ed
mem'o-ries	me-chan'i-cal-ly	pal-pi-ta'tion	ob'du-rate
o-be'di-ence	shrieked	au-thor'i-ty	re-morse'
de-fi'ance	stag'gered	un-ut'ter-a-ble	be-seech'

RESISTING A MOTHER.

WHAT agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose up to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

"It's school-time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think on what I have said."

2. "I sha'n't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly,

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you."

"I will not!" said I, in a tone of defiance.

3. "One of two things you must do, Alfred — either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it!" said I; "you can't get me up-stairs."

4. "Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me, I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

5. I raised my foot and kicked her — my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torment of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother — a feeble woman — my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.

6. "Oh, heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him — he knows not what he does!"

The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in.

7. "Take this boy up-stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me.

Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

8. In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep.

9. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry! Let me tell mother that you are sorry! She longs to forgive you."

10. I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

11. I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *but I did not.*

12. I was awakened from my uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up and come with me. Mother is dying!"

13. I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she

was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

14. I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her — my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence.

15. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand — her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother," I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me!"

16. She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had left me forever.

17. "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

LESSON LXII.

ter'mi-nates	a-byss'	ex'qui-site	pe-cu'liar-ly
fath'om-less	fran'tic	pre-cip'i-tates	at-tract'ed
ex-pe'ri-enced	cen'tre	dis'tinct	freight'ed
os-cil-la'tion	cof'fins	won'der-ing	a'go-ny

THE GLASS RAILROAD.

IT seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars.

2. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gayly dressed, and happy, and all laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we usually hear on the railroad. They moved along without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me.

3. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within — I was full of peace.

4. While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the road, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse dressed for burial, with its cold, white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with horror; I yelled in agony, but could make no sound.

5. The gay throng who were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding on with glass wheels over the railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road, which formed an angle with the road far, far in the distance.

6. "Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in the coffins.

"Those are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip you are now making; the trip on this glass railway," was the answer.

7. "Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and a half laugh which froze my blood:

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad."

8. "You know the railroad terminates at an

abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought here and placed in the coffins as a warning to other passengers; but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

9. I can never describe the horror with which those words inspired me.

"What is the name of the glass railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I asked, replied in the same strain:

"It is very easy to get into the cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these, everybody is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently.

10. "Yes, this is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad toward a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we 'll be there, and they 'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others; but nobody will mind it, will they?"

11. I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe — made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle I awoke. I know it was only a dream, and yet, whenever I think of it, I

can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad.

12. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins, clear and distinct on either side of the road; while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears, I only see the cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

13. It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand are stretched the victims of yesterday — gliding over the railway of habit toward the fathomless abyss.

QUESTIONS. — Why is the railroad represented as very smooth? What is meant by the abyss at the end of it?

LESSON LXIII.

sculp'ture	in-ex'o-ra-ble	ma-li'cious	ac'ci-dent
ge'ni-us	realm	notches	se-ver'i-ty
pe-cu'li-ar-i-ty	stat'ues	sim'i-lar	ac-knowl'edge

A PARABLE.

PART I.

ONCE there was born a man with a great genius for painting and sculpture. It was not in this world that he was born, but in a world very much

like this in some respects, and very different in others. The world in which this great genius was born was governed by a wise ruler, who had such wisdom and such power that he decided before each being was born for what purpose he would be best fitted in life; he then put him in the place best suited to the work he was to do; and he gave into his hands a set of instruments to do the work with.

2. There was one peculiarity about these instruments; they could never be replaced. On this point this great and wise ruler was inexorable. He said to every being who was born into his realm:

"Here is your set of instruments to work with. If you take good care of them, they will last a lifetime. If you let them get rusty or broken, you can perhaps have them brightened up a little or mended, but they will never be as good as new, and you can never have another set. Now you see how important it is that you keep them always in good order."

3. This man of whom I speak had a complete set of all the tools necessary for a sculptor's work, and also a complete set of painter's brushes and colors. He was a wonderful man, for he could make very beautiful statues, and he could also paint very beautiful pictures. He became famous while he was very young, and everybody wanted something that he had carved or painted.

4. Now, I do not know whether it was that he did not believe what the good ruler told him about his set of instruments, or whether he did not care to keep on working any longer, but this is what happened. He grew very careless about his brushes, and let his tools lie out over night when it was damp. The dampness of the night-air rusted the edges of some of his very finest tools, and left the edges so uneven that they would no longer make fine strokes.

5. However, he kept on painting, and making statues, and doing the best he could with the few and imperfect tools he had left. But people began to say, "What is the matter with this man's pictures? and what is the matter with his statues? He does not do half as good work as he used to."

6. Then he was very angry, and said the people were only envious and malicious; that he was the same he always had been, and his pictures and statues were as good as ever. But he could not make anybody else think so. They all knew better.

7. One day, the ruler sent for him and said to him:

"Now you have reached the prime of your life. It is time that you should do some really great work. I want a great statue made for the gateway of one of my cities. Here is the design;

take it home and study it, and see if you can undertake to execute it."

8. As soon as the poor sculptor studied the design, his heart sank within him. There were several parts of it which required the finest workmanship of one of his most delicate instruments. That instrument was entirely ruined by rust. The edge was all eaten away into notches. Nothing could be done with it.

9. Then he ran around the country, trying to borrow a similar instrument from some one. But those given by the ruler of the world I am speaking of, were of no use at all in the hands of anybody except the one to whom the ruler had given them. Several of the sculptor's friends were so sorry for him that they offered him their instruments in place of his own; but he tried in vain to use them.

10. So he went sadly back to the ruler, and said:

"Oh, Sire, I am most unhappy. I cannot execute this beautiful design for your statue."

"But why cannot you execute it?" said the ruler.

"Alas, Sire!" replied the unfortunate man, "by some sad accident one of my finest tools was so rusted that it cannot be restored. Without that tool, it is impossible to make this statue."

11. Then the ruler looked very severely at him, and said:

"Oh, sculptor, accidents very seldom happen to the wise and careful. But you are also a painter, I believe. Perhaps you can paint the picture I wish to have painted immediately for my new palace. Here is the drawing of it. Go home and study this. This also will be an opportunity worthy of your genius."

12. The poor fellow was not much comforted by this, for he remembered that he had not even looked at his brushes for a long time. However, he took the sketch, thanked the ruler, and withdrew.

13. It proved to be the same with the sketch for the picture as it had been with the design for the statue. It required the finest workmanship in parts of it; and the brushes which were needed for this had been long ago destroyed; only their handles remained.

14. Again he went to the ruler, and acknowledged that he was unable to paint the picture because he had not the proper brushes. This time the ruler looked at him with terrible severity, and spoke in a voice of the sternest displeasure:

"What, then, do you expect to do, sir, for the rest of your life, if your instruments are in such a condition?"

15. "Alas! Sire, I do not know," replied the poor man, covered with confusion.

"You deserve to starve," said the ruler; and ordered the servants to show him out of the palace.

16. After this, matters went from bad to worse with the painter. Every few days some one of his instruments broke under his hand. His work grew poorer and poorer, until he fell so low that he was forced to eke out a miserable living by painting the walls of the commonest houses, and making the coarsest kind of water-jars out of clay.

17. Finally, his last instrument failed him. He had nothing left to work with, and he was driven to beg his food from door to door. How bitterly he regretted his mistake in not taking better care of the delicate instruments which had been given him in his youth. Now, at last, when it was too late, he recognized their real value.

QUESTIONS. — What was the peculiarity about these instruments? What care did the sculptor take of them? What did people say about his work? What commission did the king give him to execute? Why could he not execute it? Did he execute the second commission? What finally became of him?

LESSON LXIV.

co-nun'drum	ac-com'plish	be-gin'ning	un-whole'some
puz'zled	in'va-lid	ex-per'i-ment	temp-ta'tion
par'a-ble	fran'tic-al-ly	ex'er-cise	ar-rang'es

A PARABLE.

PART II.

NEXT comes the moral. I wish I had called my story a conundrum instead of a parable, and then the moral would have been the answer. How that would have puzzled you all,—a conundrum so many pages long! And I wonder how many of you would have guessed the true answer. How many of you would have thought enough about your own bodies to have seen that they were only sets of instruments given to you to work with?

2. The parable is a truer one than you think at first; but the longer you think the more you will see how true it is. Are we not each of us born into the world provided with one body, and only one, which must last us as long as we live in this world?

3. Is it not by means of this body that we all learn and accomplish everything? Is it not a most wonderful and beautiful set of instruments? Can we ever replace any one of them? Can we ever have any one of them made as good as new, after it has once been seriously out of order?

4. In one respect the parable is not a true one; for the parable tells the story of a man whose set of instruments was adapted to only two uses — to sculpture and to painting. But it would not be easy to count up all the things which human beings can do by the help of the wonderful bodies in which they live.

5. Think for a moment of all the things you do in any one day; all the breathing, eating, drinking, and running; of all the thinking, speaking, feeling, learning you do in any one day. Now, if any one of the instruments is seriously out of order, you cannot do one of these things so well as you know how to do it.

6. When any one of the instruments is very seriously out of order, there is always pain. If the pain is severe, you can't think of anything else while it lasts. All your other instruments are of no use to you, just because of the pain in that one which is out of order.

7. If the pain and disordered condition last a great while, the instrument is so injured that it is never again so strong as it was in the beginning. All the doctors in the world cannot make it so. Then you begin to be what people call an invalid; that is, a person who does not have the full use of any one part of his body; who is never exactly comfortable himself, and who is likely to make

everybody about him more or less uncomfortable.

8. I do not know anything in this world half so strange as the way in which people neglect their bodies — that is, their set of instruments, their one set of instruments, which they can never replace, and can do very little toward mending.

9. When it is too late, when the instruments are hopelessly out of order, then they do not neglect them any longer; then they run about frantically as the poor sculptor did, trying to find some one to help him; and this is one of the saddest sights in the world, a man or a woman running from one climate to another climate, and from one doctor to another doctor, trying to cure or to patch up a body that is out of order.

10. You will say, this is a dismal sermon to preach to young people; they have their fathers and mothers to take care of them; they don't take care of themselves. Very true; but fathers and mothers cannot be always with their children; fathers and mothers cannot always make their children remember and obey their directions; more than all, it is very hard to make children believe that it is of any great importance that they should keep all the laws of health.

11. I know when I was a child, when people said to me, "You must not do thus and thus, for

if you do, you will take cold," I used to think, "Who cares for a little cold, supposing I do catch one?" And when I was shut up in the house for several days with a bad sore throat, and suffered horrible pain, I never reproached myself. I thought that sore throats must come now and then, whether I was careful or not, and that I must take my turn.

12. But now I have learned that if no law of health were ever broken, we need never have a day's illness, might grow old in entire freedom from suffering, and gradually fall asleep at last, instead of dying terrible deaths from disease; and I am all the while wishing that I had known it when I was young.

13. If I had known it, I'll tell you what I should have done. I should have just tried the experiment at any rate, of never doing a single thing which could by any possibility get any one of the instruments of my body out of order.

14. I wish I could see some boy or girl try it yet,—never to sit up late at night; never to have a close, bad air in the room; never to sit with wet feet; never to go out in cold weather without being properly wrapped up; never to go out of a hot room into a cold out-door air without throwing some extra wrap on; never to eat or drink any thing unwholesome; never to let a day pass

without at least two good hours of exercise in the open air; never to read a word by twilight, nor in the cars; never to let the sun be shut out of rooms.

15. This is a pretty long list of "nevers," but "never" is the only word that conquers. "Once in a while" is the very watchword of temptation and defeat. I do believe that the "once-in-awhile" things have ruined more bodies, and more souls too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the "never" way is easy, and the "once-in-awhile" way is hard.

16. After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say, "This is a bad habit," I will be a little on my guard and not do it too often," you have put yourself in the most uncomfortable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battle over and over again as long as you live.

17. This is especially true in regard to the matter of which I have been speaking to you, the care of the body. When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will always do, and the things you will "*never*" do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once.

18. Do not think it would be a sort of slavery to give up so much for sake of keeping your body in order. It is the only real freedom. The freedom which there is in keeping the laws of nature, is like the freedom of the true poet, who

> "Always sings
> In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
> And finds in them not bonds, but wings."

19. The difference between a person who has kept all the laws of health, and thereby has a good, strong, sound body that can carry him wherever he wants to go, and do whatever he wants to do, and a person who has let his body get all out of order, so that he has to lie in bed half his time and suffer, is quite as great a difference as there is between a creature with wings and a creature without wings.

20. Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

QUESTIONS. — What do the instruments in the parable represent? Show the resemblance. What causes sickness? Mention some of the laws of health. In what does true freedom consist?

LESSON LXV.

but'ter-cups	mem'o-ry	pow'er-less	prow'ess
tan'gled	gold'finch	tri-um'phant	ear'li-est
this'tle	No-vem'ber	fore'head	con'quer-or

DRIVING THE COW.

THE grass is green on Billy's grave,
The snow is on my brow,
But I remember still the night
When we two drove the cow!
The buttercups and tangled weeds,
The goldfinch pecking thistle-seeds,
The small green snake amid the brake,
The white flowers on the bough,
And Billy with his keen, gray eyes,—
I seem to see them now!

O, Billy was my first of friends;
Our hearts were warm and light;
The darkest of November rains
Had, shared with him, seemed bright;
And far too brief for boyish play
Had been the summer's longest day.
But powerless fell Love's magic spell,—
Its charm was lost that night;
It needed but one word, and we
Were both in for a fight!

One word! 't was Billy spoke that word;
But, sore at heart, I know
It was another hand than his
That dealt the earliest blow.
He touched my forehead's longest curl,
And said, "Ha! John! my pretty girl!"

A jest or not, my blood was hot,
My cheek was all aglow;
"*Take that! Take that!* Say, could a *girl*,
A *girl*, have struck you *so?*"

But Billy was as stout as I;
The scar upon my brow
The memory of his prowess keeps
Before me even now!
His furious blows fell thick and fast;
But just as I had thought, at last,
That yield I must, a skilful thrust
I gave, I know not how,
And, a triumphant conqueror,
I went on for my cow!

We never were firm friends again.
Before the spring-time air
Again the graveyard flowers made sweet,
Poor Billy rested there!
And I since then have wandered wide,
And seen the world on every side
By land and sea, and learned — ah me! —
That warm, true hearts are rare;
And he who is best loved on earth
Has not one friend to spare!

The grass is green on Billy's grave,
My brow is white with snow;
I never can win back again
The love I used to know!
The past *is* past; but, though for me
Its joys are sweet in memory,
'T is only pain to call again
The feuds of long ago,
And worse to feel that in a fight
I dealt the earliest blow!

EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION.

LESSON LXVI.

QUESTIONS WITH THE RISING INFLECTION.

THE sliding of the voice upward or downward in reading, is called INFLECTION. There are two inflections, the rising (′) and the falling (‵).

RULE I.—*Questions that can be answered by* yes *or* no, *and with the rising inflection.*

The teacher is requested to pronounce the examples to the class, and to cause the class to repeat them simultaneously.

EXAMPLES.

1. Was that done like Cassius′?
   Should *I* have answered Caius Cassius so′?

2. Is this, then, worst′—
   Thus sitting′, thus consulting′, thus in arms′?

3. O liberty, can man resign thee′,
   Once having felt thy generous flame′?
   Can dungeons′, bolts′, or bars confine thee′,
   Or whips′ thy noble spirit tame′?

4. *Hubert.* Can you not read it′? Is it not fair writ′?
   Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
   Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes′?
   Hubert. Young boy, I must.
   Arthur. And will you′?
   Hubert. And I will.

5. Does the sentence of death′, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body′, also condemn my tongue to silence′, and my reputation to reproach′? Am I to be loaded with calumny′, and not suffered to resent or repel it′?

6. Is mere animal life'— feeding', working', and sleeping like an ox'— entitled to be called good'? Certainly not.

7. Knew you not Pompey'? . . . . .
And do you now put on your best attire'?
And do you now cull out a holiday'?
And do you now strew flowers in *his* way'
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood'?

8. Is this the part of wise men', engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty'? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not', and having ears hear not'?

9. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation'? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled', that force must be called in to win back our love'?

10. Shall we try argument'? Have we anything new to offer on the subject'? Shall we resort to entreaty' and humble supplication'?

11. Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves'?
Will ye look for greener graves'?
Hope ye mercy still'?

12. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing'? Is this your answer to her zeal', to her faith', to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory'— to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace'? Is her name nothing'? Her fate indifferent'? Is such a country not worth a hearing'?

13. And darest thou, then',
To beard the lion in his den',
The Douglas in his hall'?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go'?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!

LESSON LXVII.

QUESTIONS WITH THE FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE II.—*Questions which cannot be answered by* yes *or* no, *end with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Why sinks that caldron‘? and what noise is this‘?

2. How now, my lord, why do you keep alone‘?

3. O nation miserable,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again‘?

4. Whence is that knocking‘?
How is it with me, when every noise appals me‘?
What hands are here‘?

5. What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account‘?

6. What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?‘

7. What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,‘
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on it‘?

8. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment‘? No man.

9. Who taught those orbs to move‘? Who lit their ceaseless fire‘? Who guides the moon to run in silence through the skies‘? Who bids that dawning sun in strength and beauty rise‘?

10. O grave! where is thy victory‘?
O death! where is thy sting‘?

11. Who shall calm the angry storm‘?
Who the mighty task perform‘,
And bid the raging tumult cease‘?

12. Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph‘?
What conquest brings he home‘?
What tributaries follow him to Rome‘,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels‘?

13. O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save‘?

14. It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope‘, this fond desire‘,
This longing after immortality‘?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught‘? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction‘?

15. Who is here so base that would be a bondman‘? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman‘? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country‘? If any, speak! for him have I offended.

16. Whence is man‘;
Why formed at all‘; and wherefore as he is‘;
Where must he find his maker‘; with what rights adore him‘?

17. How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our forbearance‘?
How long shall thy madness baffle us‘?

18. Who hath woe‘? Who hath sorrow‘? Who hath contentions‘? Who hath babbling‘? Who hath wounds without cause‘? Who hath redness of eyes‘? They who tarry long at the wine‘; they that go to seek mixed wine‘.

LESSON LXVIII.

COMPLETE AND INCOMPLETE SENSE.

RULE III.—*Clauses that do not make complete sense, end with the rising inflection.*

RULE IV.—*Sentences and clauses that make complete sense, end with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Shame being lost′, all virtue is lost.‵

2. Three millions of people′, armed in the holy cause of liberty′, and in such a country as that which we possess′, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us‵.

3. In the tempest of life′, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above′, if thy footing should fail′,
If thine eye should grow dim′, and thy caution depart′,
"Look aloft‵!" and be firm‵, and be fearless of heart‵.

4. Near yonder copse′, where once a garden smiled′,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild‵;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose′,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose‵.

5. Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way′,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay′,
There, in his noisy mansion′, skilled to rule′,
The village master taught his little school‵.

6. The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die′,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills′,
These have one fountain, deep and clear‵—
The same whence gushed that childlike tear‵.

7. The great event in the history of this continent, which we are now met to commemorate′, that prodigy of modern

times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world″, is the American Revolution‵.

8. If another has been false to thee′, do not increase the evil by being false to thyself‵.

9. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers′, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty‵.

10. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge′, I trifled away the years of improvement‵; with a restless desire of seeing different countries′, I have always resided in the same city‵; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity′, I have lived unmarried‵; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement′, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad‵.

11. When Music, heavenly maid, was young′,
While yet in early Greece she sung′,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell′,
Thronged around her magic cell‵.

12. Not many generations ago′, where you now sit′, circled with all that exalts and embellishes life″, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared‵.

13. Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes‵—
Men would be angels′, angels would be gods‵.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell′,
Aspiring to be angels′, men rebel‵.

14. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom′,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines″;
The labor of the olive shall fail′,
And the fields shall yield no meat″;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold′,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls″:
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord‵,
I will joy in the God of my salvation‵.

LESSON LXIX.

NEGATIVE SENTENCES.

RULE V.—*Negative sentences, and parts of sentences, end with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him'.
2. You are not left alone to climb the arduous ascent'.
   No`. God is with you`.
3. Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall';
   A joy thou art' and a wealth to all`.
4. It grew not in an Eastern sky
   Beneath a fount of Araby';
   It was not fanned by southern breeze
   In some lone isle of Eastern seas'.
   Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
   O'er stream of Afric lone and deep';
   But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
   'Mid foliage of no kindred hue.

5. I will not call him villain', because it would be unparliamentary`. I will not call him fool', because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer`.

6. Conscript Fathers!
   I do not rise to waste the night in words'.
   'T is not my trade'.

7. He could not pride himself upon his wit';
   And, as for wisdom, he had none of it'.

8. Not as the conqueror comes',
   They, the true-hearted, came`;
   Not with the roll of the stirring drums',
   And the trumpet that sings of fame';
   Not as the flying come',
   In silence and in fear';
   They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
   With their hymns of lofty cheer`.

9. Not poppy nor mandragora′,
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world′
Can ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday′.

10. O men, with sisters dear′!
O men with mothers and wives′,
It is not linen you′re wearing out′,
But human creatures′ lives‵!

11. Pause not to dream of the future before us′;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o′er us′;
Hark! how Creation′s deep, musical chorus′,
Unintermitting′, goes up into heaven‵!

12. ′Tis not to make me jealous′,
To say my wife is fair′, feeds well′, loves company′,
Is free of speech′, sings′, plays′, and dances′;
Where virtue is′, these are more virtuous‵.

13. Nay, hear me, Hubert′! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb‵.
I will not stir′, nor wince′, nor speak a word′,
Nor look upon these irons angerly′;
Thrust but these men away and I′ll forgive you.

14. ′Tis not in mortals to command success′;
But we′ll do more, Sempronius, we′ll deserve it‵.

15. I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life′; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be′, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself‵.

16. We will not strike for private wrongs alone′!
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.

17. ′Tis not enough no harshness gives offence′;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense‵.

LESSON LXX.

PAUSES WITH THE RISING INFLECTION.

RULE VI.— *When a sentence (or part of a sentence) ends with the falling inflection, the pause immediately preceding is accompanied by the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Theology teaches of a Being infinite′ yet personal‵; all blessëd′, yet ever operative‵; absolutely separate from the creature′, yet in every part of the creation at every moment‵; above all things′, yet under everything‵.

2. In general′, the under current of human life flows steadily on″, unruffled by the storms which agitate the surface‵.

3. The historian will portray in vivid colors the domestic society‵, the manners‵, the amusements′, the conversation of the Greeks‵.

4. The passions are in morals′ what motion is in physics‵: they create‵, preserve′, and animate‵; and without them″, all would be silence and death‵.

5. Kings have perished‵, armies are subdued′, nations have mouldered away‵! Nothing remains, under God, but those passions which have often proved the best ministers of His vengeance,′ and the surest protectors of the world‵.

6. We must despise no sort of talent′; they all have their separate duties′ and uses‵; all′, the happiness of man for their object‵; they all improve‵, exalt′, and gladden life.‵

7. Our popular institutions demand a talent for speaking′, and create a taste for it‵.

8. Without union′ our independence and liberty would never have been achieved‵; without union′ they can never be maintained‵.

9. Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given',
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome',
And all thy hues were born in heaven`.

10. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry`; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us', and the skies above our head yield health and vigor`.

11. Courage, considered in itself, or without reference to its causes', is no virtue,' and deserves no esteem`. It is found in the best' and the worst`; and it is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs' and with which it is conjoined`.

12. There is a sublimity, an invention, in the imagery of the Bible', that is found in no other book`. In the Bible you have allegory, apologue, parable and enigma', all clearly intelligible, and enforcing truth' with a strong and indelible impression`.

13. All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom`;
The sun himself must die',
Before the mortal shall assume
Its immortality`.

14. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother' and the pride of his father`. I returned', and that child had become old`. Trembling with the weight of years', he stood the last of his generation', a stranger amid the desolation around him`.

15. I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others', be it genius', power', wit', or fancy`; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me", I should prefer a firm, religious belief' to every other blessing`; for it makes life a discipline of goodness`; creates new hopes' when all earthly hopes vanish`, and throws over the

decay, the destruction of existence′, the most gorgeous of all lights`; awakens life′, even in death`, and from corruption and decay′ calls up beauty′ and divinity`; makes an instrument of fortune′, and shame′ the ladder of ascent to Paradise`; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes′, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths′, the gardens of the blest′, the security of everlasting joys′, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom`, decay`, annihilation′ and despair`.

LESSON LXXI.

EMPHASIS, ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to the pronunciation of a word or phrase for the purpose of directing special attention to it.

A word or phrase may be made emphatic,

I.—By pronouncing it in a louder and higher tone than the rest of the sentence.

II.—By pronouncing it in a lower but more forcible tone than the rest of the sentence.

III.—By dwelling on the sound and slightly increasing the force.

ABSOLUTE emphasis is expressed by the first or second method. RELATIVE emphasis by the third method.

RULE VII.—*Pause before the emphatic word or phrase.*

RULE VIII.—*Strong emphasis requires the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Pronounce the words in CAPITALS in a tone at once loud, high and strong.

1. COME BACK! COME BACK! he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water.

2. A light on Marmion's visage spread
And fired his glaring eye;
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragments of his blade
And shouted', VICTORY'!
CHARGE, Chester, CHARGE! ON, Stanley, ON'!

3. O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded'? Look ye HERE',
HERE is HIMSELF', MARRED, as you see, by TRAITORS'.

4. He woke to hear the sentry shriek,
To ARMS'! They COME'! The GREEK'! The GREEK'!

5. O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave'?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains',
RISE, FELLOW-MEN', OUR COUNTRY' YET REMAINS.

6. When I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there'—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind',
BLOW ON'. THIS is the LAND OF LIBERTY'!

7. When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends',
BE READY, gods', with ALL your THUNDER-BOLTS,
DASH him to PIECES'.

8. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have\, and all that I am\, and all that I hope, in this life′, I am now ready here to stake upon it\; and I leave off as I begun′, that live′ or die\, survive\ or perish′, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment′, and, by the blessing of God′, it shall be my dying sentiment\: INDEPENDENCE NOW′, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER\.

9. If we wish to be free′; if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending′; if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle in which we have been so long engaged′, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained″, WE MUST FIGHT\!—I repeat it, sir′, WE MUST FIGHT.

10. The combat deepens. ON ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave—
WAVE, MUNICH, ALL THY BANNERS WAVE\,
And CHARGE\ with all thy chivalry.

LESSON LXXII.

EMPHASIS (*Continued*).

RULE IX.—*A word or phrase may be made emphatic by pronouncing it in a lower* (*and stronger*) *tone than the rest of the passage.*

EXAMPLES.

Pronounce the words in SMALL CAPITALS in a lower tone than the rest of the sentence, but with increased force.

1. But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echoes would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
ARM! ARM! IT IS — IT IS THE CANNON'S OPENING ROAR.

2. And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "THE FOE! THEY COME, THEY COME!"

3. Her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T WERE BETTER BY FAR
TO HAVE MATCHED OUR FAIR COUSIN WITH YOUNG LOCHINVAR."

4. The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not *traitor* unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was BECAUSE HE DARE NOT.

5. And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,'
Lowland or Highland,' far or near,'
LORD ANGUS, THOU HAST LIED!

6. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; AND I KNOW THAT THE CONQUEST OF BRITISH AMERICA IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

7. Here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.
HE DARES NOT TOUCH A HAIR OF CATILINE.

LESSON LXXIII.

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

RULE X.—*Words that are contrasted or opposed to each other, should be made emphatic by dwelling on the vowel sounds, without unduly increasing the stress. The accented syllable receives the emphasis.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *Leaves* have their time to fall′,
And *flowers* to wither at the north wind's breath′,
And *stars* to set″; but all‵,
Thou hast ALL‵ seasons for thine own, O death.

2. *Day* is for mortal care‵,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth‵,
Night for the dreams of sleep‵, the voice of prayer′;
But *all*‵ for thee thou mightiest of the earth.

3. TRUTH‵, crushed to earth, shall *rise*‵ again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But ERROR‵, wounded, writhes with pain
And *dies*′ among his worshipers.

4. Live while you live, the *epicure* would say′,
And seize the pleasure of the present day;
Live while you live′, the *sacred preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord! in *my* life let both united be,
I live in *pleasure*′ while I live *to Thee*‵.

5. My *castles*′ are my KING's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The *hand*‵ of Douglas′ is his OWN,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as MARMION clasp!

6. All *Nature'* is but *Art`*, unknown to thee,
All *chance'*, *direction`*, which thou canst not see;
All *discord'*, *harmony`* not understood,
All *partial evil'*, *universal good`*:
And spite of pride', in erring reason's spite',
One truth is clear", Whatever *is'*, is *right`*.

7. Take care to be an economist in *prosperity`*:
There is no fear of your being one in *adversity'*.

8. Let old Timotheus gain the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He' raised a *mortal* to the skies',
*She`* drew an *angel* down`.

9. But most by numbers, judge a poet's song,
And smooth` or rough' with them is right' or wrong`:
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their *ear`*,
Not mends their *minds`*—as some to church repair',
Not for the *doctrine'*, but the *music`* there.

10. The mightier the man', the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored', or begets him hate`;
For greatest scandal' waits on greatest state`.
The *moon`*, being clouded', presently is missed,
But little *stars'* may hide them when they list`.
The *crow'* may clothe his coal-black wings in mire',
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white *swan`* desire',
The stains upon his silver down will stay.
Poor *grooms'* are sightless night, *kings'* glorious day;
Gnats` are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But *eagles'* gazed upon with every eye.

11. *One`* to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe:

To murder *thousands'* takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

12. Of *present* fame' think *little*`, and of *future'*, *less*`; the praises that we receive after we are buried', like the posies that are strewed over our grave', may be gratifying to the *living"*, but they are nothing to the *dead'*; the dead are gone, either to a place where they *hear* them not', or where, if they do', they will *despise*` them.

13. If you want *enemies'*, excel *others*`; if you want *friends'*, let others excel *you*`.

14. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts YOU,
Where he should find you *lions,'* finds you *hares*`;
Where *foxes,' geese.*

15. Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a *stain,*
In God's pure light may only be
A *scar,* brought from some well-won field,
Where *thou* wouldst only faint and yield.

THE END.

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